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THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—A TRAGIC STORY.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 11, 1879.

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LOOKING FORWARD.

The reasons for desiring Republican success in 1880 are evident, but they should be constantly remembered. The tone of the Democratic caucus at the extra session; the Democratic doctrine announced in the Congressional debates that followed; the evident Democratic purpose of producing a "solid South" by effective suppression of the colored vote, thus aiming to seize the government by usurpation; the massing in one party organization of the various elements of surviving disaffection and sectional passion with those of ignorant and designing financial quackery—all combine to form a national peril, which, under existing circumstances, can be avoided only by Republican success in the general election of next year. It is conceded that the shotgun and the tissue ballot will secure a solid South for the Democratic candidate. But whoever that candidate may be, how many of those who are not Democrats, but who supported Mr. Tilden in 1876, really suppose that he or any other Democrat, even Mr. Bayard or General Hancock, could or would enforce a wiser policy in regard to the Southern States, or the finances, or administrative reform, than that of this Republican Administration? The revelations of the "futile dalliance" of Mr. Pelton, as Mr. Tilden calls the negotiations of his nephew to buy the electoral vote of 1876, have satisfied thousands of Democrats and independents that his cry of reform was a mere pretense, while his sophistry about the "dalliance" is an extraordinary revelation of the man. Mr. Tilden says that the sole offense of his nephew was in offering a bribe to certain men to do their lawful duty. That is to say that Mr. Pelton, having decided for himself that the vote of South Carolina had been cast for Mr. Tilden, merely offered money to induce the Board of Canvassers to say so. Mr. Tilden quietly suppresses the cardinal fact that Mr. Pelton neither knew nor could know how the vote of South Carolina had been cast, and we presume there is very little doubt that it was cast against Mr. Tilden. And how about the "futile dalliance" with Oregon? The independents who practically supported Mr. Tilden against Mr. Hayes in 1876 must now see with satisfaction that they were baffled in their efforts to elevate to the Presidency a man who calls one of the most appalling political crimes in American history a "futile dalliance."

Even if the dalliance had succeeded, and Mr. Pelton had bought the Presidency for his uncle while good Mr. Tilden was unconsciously looking out of the window, do the same independent voters suppose that we should have seen any reform in administrative methods? There has been plenty of sneering at the civil service reform of the present Administration, and because everything has not been accomplished, it is assumed that nothing has been done. What Mr. Tilden would have done in this direction as President may be inferred from his action as Governor. If the patronage of his office was not used with an eye single for the Governor's political advantage, the instance escapes our memory. But we do not rest the case upon the assertion that the Democrats are as bad as the Republicans. We say that more actual and encouraging progress in civil service reform has been made under the Administration of Mr. Hayes than has been achieved since the necessity of reform became apparent, and enough has been accomplished to prove conclusively the feasibility of complete reform. Granting that much has been left undone, and that much has been done wrongly, does the hope of the continuation of the good work lie in the Republican or in the Democratic party? Would it not be a "futile" visitation of wrath upon the Republican party to throw it out of power because, while it has done much, it has not done everything? In all the comic literature of platforms is there anything more comic than the declaration by the New York Democrats of their "shame and sorrow" at the failure of the President's reform policy? The fight in the Democratic party of this State, which rent the Convention that made the declaration, is wholly a squabble over patronage.

In saying these things we are very sure that we speak for the great fluctuating and independent vote which in 1874 elected Mr. Tilden Governor of New York, and we indicate the unquestionable way to victory in the general election of next year. If the Republican nomination shall show that the face of the party is set forward and not backward, the Republicans will unquestionably elect their Presidential candidate. They may win, indeed, with any candidate. They are sure to win with a candidate wisely selected. Their true policy, evidently, is to appeal not merely to the party feeling and tradition, but to the cordial support of all who, while admitting the sectional madness of the Democrats, and the necessity of opposing the usurpation of a section made solid by crime, are yet desirous of reform in administrative methods, as the only means of making parties the real exponents of political feeling and purpose. This question becomes daily more important. Republican Iowa and Massachusetts, the East and the West, have spoken plainly, emphatically, and sincerely upon the subject, and the votes of a great and now doubtful multitude next year will be cast with enthusiasm for the Republican candidate if he shall speak as plainly as President Hayes spoke in his letter of acceptance. It is for Republicans to consider this, because it is in the Republican party that the movement for reform is active. It is a perfectly sincere and aggressive movement, and while it does not take precedence of all others, it is daily becoming more and more willing to set up for itself. Republican victory next year is assured if the Republican party adheres to the work accomplished and the lines drawn by its own Administration. A party is to be judged by the character of the men which it selects as representatives, and by the manner in which it conducts public affairs. The Democratic Governor Robinson makes that his appeal for re-election this year in New York, and Republican success next year in the country will greatly depend upon the evidence which the Republican nomination shall afford that success means the continuance of the spirit, character, and purpose of this Administration.

SCRATCHING.

The address of Republicans in New York who propose to scratch Mr. Cornell and Mr. Soule was issued after our article of last week had gone to press. It states with clearness and force the reasons of the deep and wide Republican dissatisfaction with the action of the Saratoga Convention. The signers refuse to support Mr. Cornell because his nomination prostitutes the election in New York to the gratification of personal enmities and jealousies, because he has used his position as chairman of the State Committee to secure his own nomination, because he is an opponent of the administrative reform represented by the President, and because he has no special fitness for the office of Governor. They believe that his success would imperil Republican victory next year in the country by repelling intelligent and independent votes; and that his defeat, with the party united and supporting him without a protest, or a bolt, or a scratch, would bury the party without hope. They propose, therefore, not to vote for Mr. Cornell or for Mr. Soule, saying of the latter that his election would give practical encouragement to canal corruption. They urge all Republicans who share their dissatisfaction not to bolt, but to scratch—not to desert the party, but to attempt its purification from within—as the only means of securing in 1880 the victory of those who may be trusted to carry into practical operation the Republican principles of national supremacy, sound finance, and administrative reform. An Executive Committee has been formed, whose address is Box 4295, Post-office, New York. A more general organization after the election is contemplated, and the committee have already received a great response from various parts of the State. We observe that the signers of the address are called Young Republicans; but the strong letter of "An Old Republican" in Albany, written on the day of the Convention, advises substantially the same course as this address; and despite the vociferations of the perfect harmony which prevails in the party, there is a very large number of Republicans in the State who are quietly considering what they ought to do.

This address is a very significant sign, for when sincere Republicans and party men are willing publicly to give their names to such a declaration, it is evident that there are many who will make no public sign, but with whom party loyalty has been strained beyond endurance, and who do not intend to allow party spirit to overcome party principle. To the remonstrance that they are imperilling the party and indirectly promoting Democratic success, these Republicans promptly reply that it is those who deliberately make improper nominations, not those who bolt them, who imperil the party. To the argument that there must be organization and concession in order to secure party success, they answer that they do not deny it, but that there is obviously a limit to concession, and that that limit is reached when at a critical moment every party consideration but that of the gratification of personal grudges and the vindication of personal reputation is abandoned. Why, ask these Republicans, should the one candidate who was known for various reasons to be peculiarly obnoxious to a great body of Republicans have been selected, and his nomination have been pressed as the vindication of another Republican against a personal assault? If the majority were willing to nominate one gentleman for the Governorship of New York in order to "vindicate" another, they were willing to take the risk of forcing self-respecting Republicans to protest in the only practicable way. If a majority has rights, it has duties also; and when it is false to its duty, it can not plead a right which it can not enforce. Independent American citizens will account to their own consciences, not to a party, for their political action. To the argument that if Mr. Cornell be defeated, New York will be lost to the Republican party next year, these Republicans reply that, on the contrary, if he should be elected, it must be by Tammany votes, as the action of his Republican friends on the Police Board implies, and that such a result would infallibly lose the country to the Republicans; while his defeat and the success of the rest of his ticket would show New York to be Republican, but Republican only upon condition of wise Republican action.

The Republican dissenters are undoubtedly liable to be called deputy Democrats, and a sore-headed squad, and canting reformers, and prigs altogether too good for this world, and Pharisees, and political Miss Nancys, and impracticable fools, and milk-whey politicians, and crotchety, and "cranky," and "unco guid," and theorists, and doctrinaires, and puling sentimentalists, and dress-parade statesmen, and juvenile Republicans, and female lunch parties, and all the other familiar and well-worn names which are always showered upon such dissenters. But this forcible-feeble blackguardism is mere "futile dalliance." When it is all spent, these protesting and scratching Republicans will still remain as sincere and earnest Republicans as there are in the State or the country. They heartily approve the Saratoga platform. They denounce the misgovernment attempted by the Democratic majority in Congress. They hold to the Republican principles of national supremacy. They intend to scratch, but to vote so as to show New York to be Republican, which is the chief argument urged for voting for Mr. Cornell. All this they do as Republicans, and for the purpose of securing Republican success in the Presidential election. If their way is derided as a queer way to secure success, they reply that they think the nomination of Mr. Cornell a queerer way to secure it. The argument of "harmony" they have considered fully, and they have decided that "harmony" which consists in passive acquiescence in the dictate of a Convention packed by a "machine" produces an apathy and disgust among intelligent men who think for themselves in politics, and vote accordingly, which in the present close balance of parties would certainly lead to Republican defeat. Undoubtedly they incur the deadly hostility of the "machine" which they seek to break; but what then? The "machine" can revenge itself only by foiling their personal political aspirations. But they have no personal political aspirations. The only argument then left is that to break the machine under existing circumstances is to destroy the party and defeat its cause, to which their steady reply is, that, on the contrary, to sustain the machine under existing circumstances is to do both. The dissenting Republicans take the ground which *Harper's Weekly* has always maintained, that parties in a free government are indispensable to certain ends; that organization is essential to party efficiency, but that party organization always tends to despotism; and that as a party is a wholly voluntary association, the organization can be detached from personal ends, and kept true to the party purpose, only by the individual independence of its members. This independence can be asserted only by refusing in flagrant cases to accept or sustain the party dictation. Every voter must decide for himself when such a case has arisen. In no other way can the individual voter, who can not devote all his time to politics, control those who do, and his justification lies in his own conscience. The declaration of the dissenting Republicans, like others that we have mentioned, is a sign of the situation which can not safely be disregarded. The discontent which it reveals, and which is perfectly well known, is not the jealousy of outs against ins. It is not the contest of those who "run" the party with those who wish to run it. It is the contention between those who have no desire of party management, but who would have the Republican party, under recognized party conditions and with fitting leaders, embody the progressive purposes of patriotic and intelligent Americans, and those whose zeal for the party and for personal ambitions wholly outstrips their concern for the public welfare. Whatever the result of the election, the protest can not but be beneficial.

POLITICAL DISTURBANCES.

The situation in Massachusetts, also, shows the disturbed condition of politics. The Republicans have nominated for the Governorship Lieutenant-Governor Long, a man of the highest character, of great popularity, and of honorable public service. His opponent in the Convention was Henry L. Pierce, an independent Republican, who as Mayor of Boston and Representative in Congress has had also the true popularity which always attends ability and courage. The Butler Democrats, who are the bulk of the Democratic party, have nominated General Butler. The Greenbackers have also nominated him, and the bolting Republicans have made him their candidate. The Faneuil Hall Democrats, or the regular Democratic organization, will nominate another candidate early in October. Both the great parties in the State are thus divided, but very differently. The strong Republican conviction and character and weight, together with the overwhelming mass of the party, are united for Mr. Long, while the Butler Republicans are led by ex-Marshal Usher and ex-Collector Simmons, gentlemen "with a grievance," associated with some others of whom this can not be said, but who do not see that under our system a State election necessarily has national relations and results. On the other hand, the Democratic character and weight are against General Butler, but the Democratic numbers are with him. The real leaders of the Butler campaign, and therefore the leaders of the Democrats, are the Butler Republicans; and the tone and tendency of his administration, should General Butler be elected, are forecast by the fact that the mass of his supporters are Democrats, and the kind of Democrats to which he has always appealed—the ignorant and unreasoning, who are swayed by class prejudice.

Messrs. Usher and Simmons, who are both known as most accomplished "machine" managers—there are none more so in Massachusetts—but who are now, so to speak, out of business, advocate the election of General Butler as a ring-breaker and machine-smasher, and the representative of pure politics and honest and economical administration. This is mere comedy. They insist that they are still ardent Republicans upon national issues, but they repudiate the whole Republican State ticket, and adopt that of the Democrats and the inflationists, with loud sneers at silk-stocking and kid-glove and millionaire Republicans. So far as such leaders are concerned, Butler Republicanism in Massachusetts is a bolt of machine politicians because they can not control the machine. The pretense of seeking real reform of any kind through General Butler is like that of promoting national feeling by supporting Jefferson Davis. But this does not alter the fact that General Butler, supported by the bulk of the Democratic party, by the paper-money men, and by some Republicans, is a candidate whose defeat will require all the strenuous opposition which his nomination will stimulate. He will be defeated undoubtedly, and the defeat will probably end his political career. But the five tickets, with their various support, and the party divisions, show, as we said, the confused political condition. Mere party ties are terribly shaken when so sturdy a Republican State as Massachusetts is in such a situation. We speak elsewhere of the Republican defection in New York—a movement which is the exact reverse of the Usher and Simmons bolt, but which is no less a sign of the serious political disturbance.

The significance of that situation is unmistakable. It is that old party issues, wisely or unwisely, are losing their hold upon the public mind, and that the party slogan alone will not suffice for success. It does not mean, however, that there is no

difference between the parties, and that the national welfare would be equally promoted by the success of either. Neither does it mean that the old party issues are actually exhausted, although practically the public feeling may be weary of them. For instance, there is such disgust with the "bloody shirt" that the assertion of the plain purpose to solidify the South for a Democratic President by fraud and violence may seem to be only a wanton and desperate Republican effort to shake the old shirt once more—an effort to be repelled with indignation. That, however, would not change the fact of such a purpose, nor the paramount importance of such a peril. Wise men, therefore, will deal with the facts, and the fact of this growing feeling being undeniable, party action, without sacrifice of principle, must have regard to it. The considerations that will induce Republicans to bolt or scratch are various and of different force. Some will protest at one time, some at another, because some value the party organization much more than others. The American people is a very intelligent people, especially the Republican part of it, and while party spirit is strong, the popular good sense is stronger. The Republican party next year must stand for something else than the mere majority of a party Convention obtained by the usual methods. It must represent both what the country believes to be real issues and the sincere purpose to deal with them properly.

THE VIEW OF A SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN.

Since the Southern question has been reopened by the Democrats, there is one aspect of it which deserves attention. It is presented to us very earnestly by a Southern Republican, who, writing from Ohio, declares that no man living is more anxious for Republican success in the North than he, and that he is delighted to say that he believes Ohio will go for Foster by thirty to fifty thousand majority. But he says, frankly, that "this will not relieve us of the 'solid South,'" because, in his opinion, the root of the trouble is "unlimited uneducated negro suffrage." The explanation of the general apathy and indifference toward political crimes against Republicans in many parts of "the South" he holds to be impatience of negro ascendency, that is, of ignorance and semi-barbarism. He does not hesitate to say that he and other white Republicans in the South willingly stuff ballot-boxes to avoid that ascendency, and he advocates a national suffrage law as the only practicable remedy. His words are emphatic, and they are worth considering: "You can not make a Republican party in the South as the question stands now, simply because it means negro control and carpet-bag thieves. The North is opposed to this, and every soldier in the service is opposed to it."

But we have already shown that the Constitution authorizes every voter in a State who is qualified by the State law to vote for members of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature to vote also for members of Congress. This is a constitutional provision which no national or State law can change. Voters for members of Congress are created by national authority in the Constitution. They derive all their right for such voting from the Constitution, and not from the State, and there is no power in a State to authorize any citizen to vote for members of Congress, except by making him a voter for members of one branch of the State Legislature. By prescribing the qualification for this last function the State affects the number of national voters. The nation adopts as its voters, and for its own purposes, a certain class of citizens which the State has qualified for another purpose. Obviously, therefore, under the Constitution, the State may restrict national suffrage by limiting State suffrage. This is implied in the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment, which provides that if such restriction shall be made, the State shall suffer in the basis of representation. The limitation which our correspondent desires can proceed, then, only from the State, or from a new constitutional amendment; for it will not be denied that the State may define the qualification of voters for the most numerous branch of its Legislature, and the people of the United States have already declared in the Constitution that these, whether they be few or many, whether they are required to own land, or to pay a poll-tax, or to be able to read and write, or to satisfy certain conditions of residence, shall be also voters for Representatives in Congress. Judge West, to whom our correspondent refers, says nothing inconsistent with this. He is very far from saying that Congress could authorize any resident of New York who is not qualified to vote for a member of Assembly in that State to vote for a member of Congress, or that it could prevent any person who is so qualified from voting at a national election.

If the Southern Democrats who, with the aid of our Republican correspondent and those who agree with him, control their States, were really so opposed to colored suffrage as they declare themselves to be, they would unite to restrict it by a land qualification, as in Rhode Island, or by an educational qualification, as in Connecticut, or by some other limitation. We know, of course, why they do not. What the Democrats who control the elections want is not relief from colored suffrage, but control of the national government, so they restrict the colored vote in districts where it is controlling, as in the Yazoo district, not by law, which would reduce their representation in Congress, but by fraud and violence. If we correctly understand our correspondent's proposition, we reply that a national suffrage law is not a practicable remedy for what he feels to be the intolerable wrong of the situation. Relief must be sought in State action. But while the laws providing for general suffrage remain as they are, he can not expect that the people of other States will quietly see their votes nullified by fraud and terror. He asks how we propose to stop it. In the first place, by that appeal to public opinion which is the beginning of all redress for wrongs in this country; and in the second place, in consequence of that appeal, by the constant defeat of the party which aims to secure the benefit of the suppression of the colored vote. The rest must be left to time and local action. The first thing for our correspondent to do is to clear his mind of the idea that, whenever a grave difficulty of this kind arises, he and his friends must at once invoke the aid of the national government.

GENERAL GRANT'S RETURN.

The enthusiasm with which General Grant has been received in California is a fitting close of his extraordinary tour around the world. No American ever was or could have been the hero of such a progress, because he is the only man who, as General of the army of the Union, and therefore as the savior of the American republic in the field, apparently saved the principle of popular government. Of all the men who served the country during the great contest, from Lincoln down, no figure strikes the universal imagination so vividly as that of its chief soldier, and there is nothing in Grant's personality, as there was, for instance, in that of Marlborough, to injure this impression. He is simple and unassuming, and the circumstances of his life and career, as in the case of Jackson, warmly commend him to popular sympathy and admiration.

The California reception seems to have been totally unmarked with partisan feeling. It was the welcome of a renowned citizen who had deserved well of the country. There was no occasion to think of anything else. It was a sincere tribute to services of which there is no difference of opinion among patriotic Americans, and it was evidently accepted by him in the same generous spirit. The partisan demonstration which had been proposed, it is agreed by the common consent of the respectable press of the country, would have been most unfitting the ex-General and ex-President, returned as an American citizen and not as a Republican candidate, and the significance of his welcome would have been lost entirely if it had not been so. The feeling with which he was greeted was the counterpart of that which Lincoln expressed in the famous letter with which he wished General Grant godspeed on his final campaign. It took its glow from the great closing days of the war, when all that Lincoln hoped had been fulfilled, and all that we knew of Grant was that he had given us victory.

It is, of course, impossible, in view of all that has been said of his probable candidacy for the Presidency, not to think of that question. If it were possible to imagine the same kind of popular feeling which has just now welcomed his return calling him to the Presidency, he would undoubtedly accept the call. But it is not probable that he would descend from the unique position in the country which he now holds to contest a nomination in a Convention which has heretofore nominated him by acclamation. Yet of that contest there is little doubt. It is hardly possible that he should be again nominated by acclamation, and therefore it seems to us highly improbable, with all the enthusiasm which his name arouses in Republican Conventions, that he will be a candidate for the Presidency for a third time.

WHAT NOT TO DO.

The absurdity of appointing attendants in the State-prisons upon political grounds was so evident, and the mischiefs were so palpable, that the New York Legislature has expressly forbidden such appointments. It was a practical acknowledgment of the wisdom of a reform which is not less reasonable in the case of the Central Park Commission. The recent exposures of the unhappy condition of the Park show that it is in great danger of becoming a mere green space with shrubbery, while its true purpose as a beautiful *rus in urbe* will be entirely lost.

The secret of the decline and decay of the Park, which Mr. S. B. Parsons, the eminent horticulturist and nursery-man, points out in a recent letter to the *Times*, and which Mr. Vaux, one of the original designers of the Park, confirms, is that its management is political. A park, of all things, should be under the care of competent men, who are familiar with trees and flowers and landscape gardening, and whose purpose is to maintain the work as it was designed, or to improve and develop it in the same way, efficiently and economically. But there are many laborers employed upon the Park who are voters, and there are purchases to be made of those who are voters. There is, in a word, a great deal of influence and patronage connected with the Park. It is not amazing, therefore, when we read of the rapid decline of the Park, to discover that the present Commissioners were nominated by Mr. John Kelly to represent Tammany Hall!

The Commissioners may be excellent politicians, but they would themselves certainly agree that a Park Commissionership should fall to an expert, some person who is skilled in the knowledge indispensable to the proper management of a park, or whose pursuits necessarily interest him in such works. Mr. Church, the distinguished landscape painter, was a Commissioner immediately after the Tweed downfall, and a most proper one. Mr. H. W. Sargent, of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, and Mr. Parsons himself, are among the fittest men in the State for such a position. They are the kind of men who should be upon the Board, but Tammany must control the patronage, and the Park may take its chance. When a change is meditated in the Park Commission, Mayor Cooper could do the Park and the city no better service than to appoint some gentleman who represents the interests concerned. The one thing that he should not do is to appoint some one who will represent Tammany or any other clique of politicians, Republican or Democratic. To appoint a man Commissioner of the Central Park because he will be useful to some politician's purpose is as wise as to make a man foreman of a composing-room because he can play the French-horn or walk on his elbows.

SHOT-GUN CIVILIZATION.

A correspondent in Georgia, who supposes that, as a Georgian, he is in our opinion but a semicivilized barbarian, writes to us commenting upon certain events in this part of the country. Our correspondent states that he once heard a father say that "he had witnessed personal violence offered to his daughter at the hands of her husband, and I was shocked to learn that he had not slain the brute on the spot." He adds that he thinks our Northern civilization false and monstrous if we do not share his views. Now it is not as a Georgian that we should consider our correspondent to be imperfectly civilized, but as a man, whether of Georgia or of Massachusetts, who prefers the ways of barbarism to those of civilization.

When a Feejee islander or a Sioux Indian thinks that he has been wronged, he takes his club, or gun, or tomahawk, and proceeds to slay the offender upon the spot. Every such man makes himself the judge of the offense and of the penalty, and enforces his own decision. This is barbarism. It is the practice of all uncivilized people, whether in New York, or Georgia, or the isles of the sea. In the lower stages of civilization there is a modification of this practice, called the duel. It prevails among people who, without the virtues which are known as Christian, call themselves "men of honor." They do not shoot without warning those who offend them, but they invite the offender to seize his gun or tomakawk, and take the chance of killing or being killed. This practice has also disappeared before the advance of civilization.

There are fellow-citizens of our correspondent in certain districts of the country who think that the voting of colored citizens is an offense to those who are not colored, and the uncolored peremptorily punish such offenders with the shot-gun. This also seems to us a low form of civilization. That those persons in this part of the country who think that they are offended by other persons do not slay the brutes at once, far from seeming to us proof of pusillanimity, seems to us to show that kind of self-restraint and intelligent comprehension of law which alone make high civilization possible.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Cambridge Livingston, who died a few days since at his country-seat on the Hudson, was one of the few members of American historical families who combined in a remarkable degree the scholarly and practical qualities. He was enterprising, and at the same time conservative. He advanced money to Morse to perfect the telegraph when its success was chimerical, and subsequently became a large investor in its shares, and an influential director in the corporation. For many years he had been a prominent member and debater in the Diocesan and General Conventions of the Episcopal Church, and was respected alike for the soundness of his judgment, his readiness and power in debate, and the address and tact with which he managed matters confided to his care. He was one of the original stockholders in the express companies, and was counsel for several of them. He was also for twenty-five years a vestryman of Trinity Church, and was often consulted on important matters by rectors and vestrymen of other churches. The late John C. Stevens, of Hoboken, who left an immense estate, made Mr. Livingston his sole executor, and when the estate was settled, he retired from business. For one who had within him the best and most historic blood in the country, and whose intellect was of a very high order, he was one of the most simple, amiable, and unpretentious of men, and his loss is a public misfortune.

—Field-Marshal Von Moltke has a fine property in Silesia, where he is most thoroughly at home. Rising every morning at five, he begins the day by lighting a little spirit-lamp as the first step toward getting himself a cup of coffee. After coffee, he takes a little turn in the grounds, rather for pleasure than business, which begins at seven. Between seven and ten he makes a thorough inspection of his domain. He is a good practical farmer, and famous for his cabbages, which have won several medals. At ten he takes a kind of second breakfast, a basin of soup, or a glass of wine and a biscuit. By this time the letters and papers have arrived, and he works till noon. On Sunday he goes to church, and reads good books during most of the day. At noon, on a regular day, he takes a nap until dinner-time, which is at two. After dinner a cigar, and more work. By-and-by a chat with friends, if any are staying with him, and perhaps a stroll. Tea at eight, and at ten the warrior goes to bed.

—Mr. Tennyson's younger son, Lionel, is to come into the possession of the fine estate of his uncle, the Rev. Charles Turner, whose surname he will consequently assume. Some two years ago Mr. Lionel Tennyson married the daughter of Frederick Lockyer, the poet. The ceremony took place in Westminster Abbey, before a company of the most intellectual people of England. His father, Alfred Tennyson, lately refused to take the property with the condition of changing his name to Turner. The grand cash, however, will continue to run in the family, and constitute a consolatory and compensating fund for giving up the family name.

—Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, in a recent conversation with a correspondent of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, said that he was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and had been from his boyhood; he had tried so to live that they could never turn him out; that he trusted completely in the atonement of Christ, and now that he was growing old, all was clear for him in the future.

—Mr. Grandison Fairchild is the father of three college presidents, viz., Oberlin, Berea, and Kansas State Agricultural. One of his sons-in-law is a professor in the Michigan Agricultural College, and at least eight or nine of the grandsons and grandsons-in-law are also college professors.

—A London correspondent describes Charles Reade as "a big, manly-looking fellow, not fat, but large-framed and muscular. He is very fond of physical exercise, such as rowing, riding, cricket, swimming, and notwithstanding his hair is grizzled, his stalwart body shows no signs of weakness or decay. He is neat though careless in dress, and resembles, with his ruddy face, easy gait, and unconventional manner, a prosperous farmer. He likes congenial company, but not formal society, which, as a rule, he takes pains to avoid. He is in the best sense of the word a Bohemian, and enjoys himself vastly with a lot of good fellows and lively actresses over pipes and a bowl of punch. He is not dissipated nor sensual. He is a bachelor, but has a spacious, pleasant house in the suburbs of the city, with any quantity of bric-à-brac, pictures, engravings, flowers, and comfortable things about him. Reade is a very methodical worker, usually spending from four to seven hours daily in his library, three or four of these at his desk, pen in hand. He writes rapidly, but generally goes very carefully over his manuscript, erasing, adding, and frequently throwing away sheet after sheet."

—There is nothing like a frank, simple way of stating things. For instance, there is Mr. John C. O'Brien, who lives "on the Chili road," near Rochester, and presents this delicate suggestion through the columns of the Rochester *Union*: "I would respectfully suggest to the tourists who visit our neighborhood at night for the purpose of stealing fruit, that they provide themselves with cards bearing their names and addresses, for the purpose of facilitating the identification of their bodies by the coroner, and securing the prompt transmission of their remains to their sorrowing relatives."

—The Rev. Dr. Pusey is the subject of an "Anecdotal Photograph," in Mr. Labouchere's London *Truth*. Mr. L. thinks that the secret of his fame is his rare art of discerning talent, of winning the love and confidence of youth, and of showing how a forlorn hope can be led—a sort of High-Church Wesley. He works as hard as Wesley, which is saying much. Canon Liddon was once asked whether Pusey ever dined. "Well," he said, "I once called on Dr. Pusey about luncheon-time, and found a chop in a plate on one of his books, and some potatoes hiding among the papers. I never had any other evidence that he ate." At one time he would ask a few under-graduates to tea once or twice a week, and very pleasant he would make himself, but of late years he has not been equal to the exertion. He is extraordinarily popular at Oxford.

—M. Phillipart, a man well known in the financial circles of Paris, has purchased *La Presse*, one of the leading journals of France. In 1877 he was declared bankrupt, with $9,000,000 liabilities. It is asserted that he has now paid these liabilities in full, and is entirely cleared by the courts. He is fifty-two, a Belgian by birth, and a man of the same stamp as Strasbourg.

—Judge Hilton has bought for $15,000 "A Visit to the Baby," by Munkacsy, who painted "Milton dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters"—a work of great merit. Both pictures will soon be in New York, the latter having been purchased for the Lenox Museum.

—The Rev. Dr. Schaff, writing of Bismarck, says that before he went into the Austrian campaign he sent for his pastor, and said: "I feel very serious. This is a question of life and death for Prussia, and I may never return alive. I wish to take the Holy Communion, but privately, at home, to avoid the appearance of a political demonstration." And so he partook of the sacrament in the bosom of his family. This incident was related to Dr. Schaff by the pastor. "Bismarck," says Dr. Schaff, "is beginning to look old, being now sixty-five years of age. But he is still an imposing figure, and looks like Jupiter. His Herculean frame, his massive head, his commanding eye, indicate a man of extraordinary dimensions. Force, majesty, and self-repose reside on his brow. He is unquestionably the greatest statesman of the age—a man of Providence, a sort of political Luther. His achievements will assign him the first place among all the statesmen Germany ever had, as Emperor William will figure in history as the first of all its emperors, and General Moltke, 'the thinker of battles,' who is silent in seven languages, as the ablest of its military heroes. Such a combination of genius and success as was exhibited in this trio during the Austrian war of 1866 and the French war of 1870 history has never seen before, and an empire which rests on such a foundation can not soon pass away."

DR. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON.

Dr. Joseph Parrish Thompson, for many years pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle in this city, and of late years an honored and revered member of the American colony in Berlin, Germany, died in that city on the 20th of September. His life was long and useful. He was no less distinguished as a scholar and traveller than as a preacher, and his studies extended to many branches outside of the range of theology. Few Americans abroad were better known than Dr. Thompson. He enjoyed the confidence and friendship of eminent foreign scholars and statesmen; and during the controversy between Bismarck and the Pope he prepared and published, at the special request of the Prussian minister, a work on the relations of Church and State in America.

The subject of this notice was born in Philadelphia, August 7, 1819. He graduated at Yale College in 1838, and afterward pursued the study of theology at Andover and New Haven. In the fall of 1840 he was ordained pastor of the Chapel Street Congregational Church, in New Haven. While occupying this position Dr. Thompson assisted in establishing *The New-Englander*, a quarterly review in the interests of the Congregational denomination—a journal which attained a high position in religious periodical literature. He published also, while at New Haven, a *Memoir of Timothy Dwight*, the eldest son of President Dwight. In 1845 he was called to the pastoral charge of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, in New York city. He was installed on the 15th of April of that year, the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., preaching the sermon.

The Tabernacle then stood on the east side of Broadway, between Leonard and Worth streets, and for some years after the settlement of Dr. Thompson it continued to be a great centre of religious interest. The vast edifice was often thronged by a congregation composed of strangers, young men, and those who had no regular place of worship. The Tabernacle Church was the mother of several Congregational churches in New York and Brooklyn. The society determined to sell the Tabernacle in 1855, and the new church was built at the intersection of Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty-fourth Street. This building was completed in 1859, and dedicated April 24 of that year, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Dr. Edward A. Park, of the Andover Theological Seminary. Dr. Thompson himself offered the prayer of dedication, prefacing it with a short but beautiful address, in which he presented "this new temple to the service of the Triune God—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

THE LATE JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D.D.

The pastorate of Dr. Thompson was a long and useful one. A heavy church debt was paid off, and the Tabernacle society became one of the most flourishing in the country. Notwithstanding his arduous pastoral labors, Dr. Thompson was always busy with his pen. In 1845 he printed a *Memoir of David Hale, late Editor of the Journal of Commerce, with Selections from his Miscellaneous Writings*—a work which passed through various editions. In 1846 appeared his *Young Men Admonished*, afterward in subsequent editions, which were numerous, entitled *Lectures to Young Men*. *Hints to Employers* appeared in 1847, and another edition in 1851. *Stray Meditations* was published in 1852, and in 1857 there was a revised edition, entitled *The Believer's Refuge*. He was one of the first editors of the *Independent*, a well-known religious newspaper of this city, being associated in that service with the Rev. Dr. Storrs and the Rev. Dr. Bacon. In 1852 he originated the plan of the Albany Congregational Convention. He also served as a manager of the American Congregational Union and of the American Home Missionary Society. In 1852 he went abroad, visiting Palestine, Egypt, and other Eastern lands. This gave an Oriental cast to his subsequent studies and writings, and he became well known as an authority in Egyptology. Many of his writings upon this subject appeared in the *North American Review*, the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, the *Journal of the American Geographical and Statistical Society*, in Smith's *Dictionary of Biblical Geography and Antiquities*, and the revised edition of Kitto's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*. He published *Egypt, Past and Present*, in 1856.

When the country was convulsed with civil war, Dr. Thompson labored earnestly for the Union. He was very serviceable to the Christian Commission, and visited the army on several occasions. His congregation exhibited a very earnest and zealous spirit in upholding the government, and at one time raised $30,000 on a single Sunday for equipping a regiment. After President Lincoln was assassinated, Dr. Thompson delivered a notable eulogy before the Union League Club upon his character and services.

Dr. Thompson remained pastor of the Tabernacle until 1872, when failing health compelled him to resign his charge, to the great regret of his congregation. His reasons for this step are definitely stated in his letter of resignation. "Sudden as this announcement," he said, "may be to you, with me it is no sudden decision. More than three years ago a physical infirmity, induced by exposure in the army, and in its nature beyond remedy, had become so aggravated and so complicated that the highest medical authority ordered me to withdraw from the pressure of public responsibilities if I would save my life. I should then have done so had not a sense of honor, in view of your recent indulgence and liberality in sending me abroad, and certain cherished projects for the welfare of the church, restrained me. I therefore chose to endure in silence what it could not profit any one to know. But I can no longer hope to satisfy my conscience in the discharge of my duties as a pastor, when life is a constant care and an almost constant pain, and when symptoms not to be mistaken threaten, if not the seat of life, what to me is more serious—the seat of thought. And what I feel I can not do, I would not attempt to do; for I would not become a drag upon the church which God once appointed me to lead, nor a pensioner upon its bounty. Having worked with you in the energy of my youth, and again in the vigor of my prime, to free this church from debt, I could not endure the thought that through premature infirmity I might become a burden upon its treasury in my advancing years. I therefore retire with unquestioning acquiescence in the same Divine call by which I came."

Shortly after this, Dr. Thompson took up his residence in Berlin, where he devoted himself to study. He was understood at his death to be preparing a work on the Hebrews in Egypt. He had prepared an address to be delivered before the Evangelical Alliance at Basle, Switzerland, on the subject of the persecutions in Austria. When Mr. Bayard Taylor died, Dr. Thompson was spoken of as his successor. It is known that when the rumor reached his ears, he wrote that he could not accept the position, and considered himself unfitted for it. He was a correct and fluent speaker of both the French and German languages, and he frequently had occasion to employ his accomplishments as a linguist in the public addresses which he delivered in Europe.

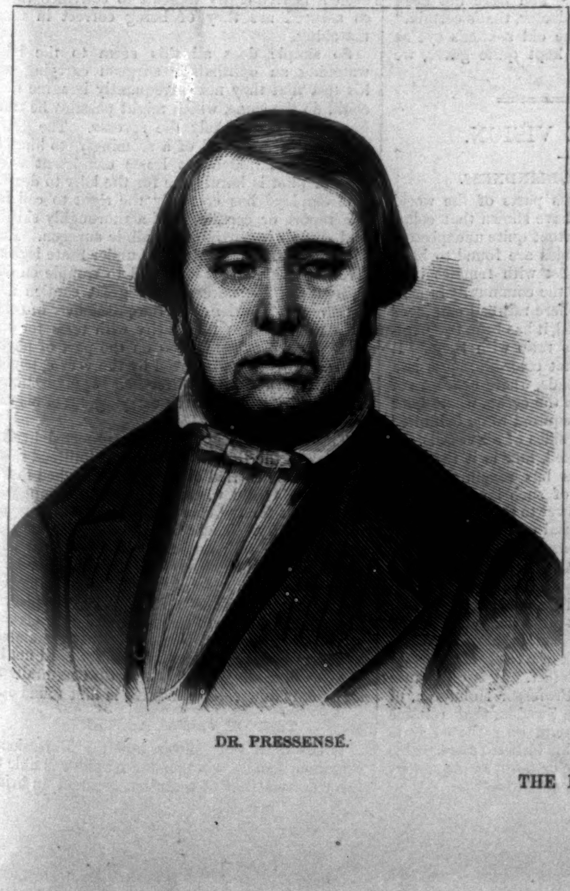
The immediate cause of Dr. Thompson's death was a fall. While standing upon the door-step of a friend's house, he was suddenly seized with vertigo, and fell, so severely injuring his head that he died a short time afterward. The body will be embalmed and brought to this city, where the last funeral services will be held.

AN EMBARRASSING CREDITOR.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

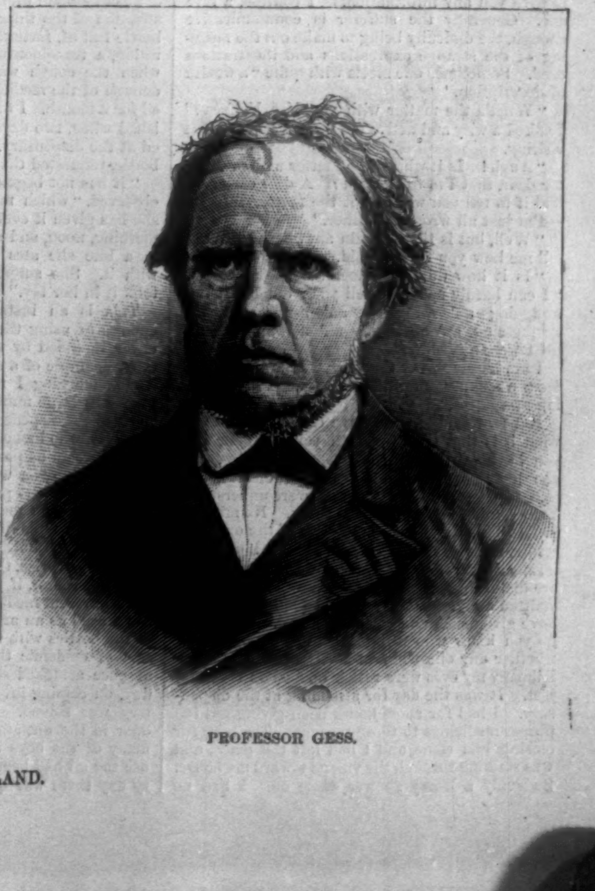
DR. GÜDER.

DR. VAN OOSTERZEE.

COUNCILLOR CARL SARASIN, President.



DR. PRESSENSÉ.



PROFESSOR GESS.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The seventh session of the Evangelical Alliance began in Basle, Switzerland, on Monday, September 1, and closed on Sunday, the 7th. The Alliance was organized in London in 1846, at which time the first General Conference was held. The second session took place in Paris (1855), the third in Berlin (1857), the fourth in Geneva (1861), the fifth in Amsterdam (1867), and the sixth in New York (1873). The preliminary meeting in Basle for extending salutations of welcome to the delegates took place Sunday, August 31, when the Vereinshaus was filled with an immense audience. Addresses were delivered in German, French, and English. Pastor Ecklin spoke on behalf of the people of Basle, and expressed the most cordial sympathy of the people with the objects of the Alliance, and their pleasure in being permitted to entertain the delegates.

No more fitting place could have been selected for the session of the Alliance than Basle. The quaint old city abounds in historical memories. A century before the Reformation one of the Œcumenical Councils of the Church was held there. It was a well-meant Council, for it was designed to cure the corrupt Church of some of its leading evils. But in this it utterly failed. It broke up without any positive benefit. It indirectly accomplished one good thing for Basle, however, for as a result of the Council the University was finally organized, which has been one of the centres of South European learning from that time to the present. It is more than probable, besides, that it gave an impulse to many minds a century later to adopt the principles of the Reformers, for it became clear to all Europe that only by protesting against Romish error, and coming out from the Roman Catholic fold, could any hope be entertained for a renovation of religious life. This much is certain, that when once the German Reformation was inaugurated, the people of Basle were among the first to indorse it, and to make sacrifices in its favor. Basle has for two centuries been distinguished for two things: first, the earnestness of its religious life, and then the great wealth of its citizens. The two belong together, for the wealth has directly come to Basle through the silk ribbon industry, and this source of affluence is due to the French refugees who fled to Basle on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and brought with them the business in which they had been engaged at home. The people gave them a cordial welcome, and their weaving of ribbon became in time the principal source of revenue for the city and the chief employment for the middle classes. The presence of many French names among the property-holders is due to the same cause. The patrician class of the present Basle are the direct descendants of the Huguenots who fled from France for the sake of their faith. The session of the Alliance awakened great enthusiasm among this very class of the citizens, and their princely hospitality was manifested in a variety of ways. Nearly every evening all the delegates were invited to a garden fête, either in the city or the suburbs, where not less than a thousand people were entertained; while Herr Theodore Sarasin, who lives out at Riehen, a town across the Rhine, near the Baden frontier, had about two thousand guests at his princely home. It required a train of over forty cars, all provided by the host, to take them out. The gardens are very extensive, and every comfort was provided for these guests from many lands. All the European languages could be heard, and people of the same nationality gravitated into little groups by themselves. As the evening came on, the lanterns of various colors were lighted, and the scene became one of singular beauty. The welcome was given to all classes alike; and one could see the picturesque Alsacian, Swiss, and Black Forest costumes in great variety mingling with the traditional clerical black of the Alliance delegates.

The topics discussed at the Alliance were varied, and indicated a scope and boldness in every way worthy of the standing of the men who participated in it. Councillor Carl Sarasin, one of the leading citizens of Basle, and an earnest Christian layman, was chosen President. The first day of the session was devoted to addresses describing the religious condition of the various countries of Christendom. Dr. Schaff, of New York, described the state of the Church in the United States, and said boldly and clearly that the multiform religious life of America, which in Europe is too often attributed to the sectarian spirit, was directly due to the divisions in Europe, which were transferred to America in the Colonial period. Dr. Güder spoke for Switzerland, Dr. Crewe for Germany, Dr. Van Oosterzee for Holland, Dr. Von Tardy for Austria, Dr. Von Scheele for Scandinavia, Rev. E. Bligh for England, and Pastor Babut for France. The second day was devoted to the relation of science to religion, to Sunday-schools, and to the ministry of the Gospel. Dr. Gess, of Breslau, delivered an address on the last subject. A most remarkable address was delivered by Professor Orelli, a young man of thirty-one, and professor in the Basle University. It was on Christian apologetics, and for keen logic and eloquence in delivery it was equal to that given by Christlieb at the New York session of the Alliance. Dr. T. D. Anderson, of New York, delivered an address on Sunday-schools. Count Bernstorff spoke on the same subject. The next day, September 3, was given to education, and the fourth to socialism and the press. Dr. E. A. Washburn, of New York, was the American representative on Socialism. Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany, of New York, presided at this session of the Anglo-American section. Dr. Wach, of Leipsic, discussed the duty of the Church to the social classes; and Dr. Pressensé, of Paris, author of a Church History, and editor of the *Revue Chrétienne*, spoke on the "Christian and Anti-Christian Influence of the Press of To-day." Friday was occupied in addresses on missions. Dr. Christlieb, of Bonn, Dr. William Arthur, of England, Pastor Barbe, of Geneva, and Dr. Murray Mitchell, of Edinburgh, were the speakers. Dr. Christlieb occupied nearly all the time, however, so that the patience of the audience was exhausted by the time he finished his lengthy paper. On Saturday the topic was Christian union. Drs. Plitt, of Prussia, and Hurst, of the United States, and Pastor Fallot, of Paris, were the speakers. On Sunday there was a communion service, lasting three hours, in the Minster, and in the evening there was a farewell service, where addresses in several languages were delivered.

The most significant action taken by the Alliance during the Basle session, and one not surpassed in boldness and wisdom during the whole history of the organization, was the passage of a resolution protesting against the persecution of Protestants in Bohemia by the Austrian government, and the appointment of a committee, consisting of the President and all the Vice-Presidents, who shall wait on the Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, and convey the protest in person. The entire audience arose, with great emotion, and voted for the resolution. There is nothing which a government that persecutes is more afraid of than publicity, and this public canvassing of the recent retrograde and ultramontane policy of the Austrian government can not fail to produce its desired effect, and to prevent a similar course in other countries. It is to be hoped that it will not be without its influence in Saxony, which has been interfering with the worship of other denominations than the State Church. Drs. Schaff and Riggenbach and President Sarasin made addresses on the condition of the Protestants in Bohemia. These Protestants had been very judicious. They had sent to the Alliance pointed petitions, in excellent form, containing certified and minute accounts of the fines and imprisonment which they had been compelled to suffer. These pamphlets were distributed freely to the members and visitors, and were read with great interest. It is a significant fact that Count Bismarck-Bohlen, a cousin of Prince Bismarck, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Alliance, cheerfully consented to be appointed on the committee. He presided at some of the sessions of the Alliance, was always an interested spectator, and at the farewell meeting made both the most able and *religious* address delivered on the occasion. There was only one occasion when he gave any evidence of his belonging to the nobility, and that was at the communion service in the Minster, when he wore his brilliant badge of the Iron Cross.

John F. Hurst.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, AT BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH DOCTOR.

I AM the dispensary doctor of Kilmany, a place in one of the northern counties of Ireland. The district under my charge is a rather extensive one, mountainous, and with a large number of poor persons in it. To these it is my duty, on receiving the proper ticket, to give the necessary advice and medicines; and it is of my difficulties amongst them principally that I intend to speak. There are two kinds of tickets, or "lines," issued by members of the dispensary committee—the "black line" and the "red line." The black line entitles the patient presenting it at the proper time at the dispensary to have his case considered and the proper medicine supplied to him. The red line requires the doctor to attend at the patient's home. Now the first thing is of course to find out what is the matter with the applicant for medical aid. Take the case of a black line. If the patient attends in person, as he ought, well, then there is a chance—not by any means a certainty—of finding this out. But suppose a messenger is sent with the line, then you have to trust to description, and now difficulties begin. "What is the matter?" you ask. Well, suppose the answer is, "It's a water-brash, doctor," or "It's the hives," then you have something to go on, always supposing that you can trust your informant. But the case is not so clear when you are told that it is a "wind-brash," or the black hives; and the matter becomes more obscure, if possible, when in the latter case it is added that they have "struck in about the heart," a most dangerous symptom as it is thought; or it may be "a narvous wind" the patient complains of, the worst "narvous winds" being those which "work about the head."

There is no medical work in existence treating of these diseases. But now suppose you are so fortunate as to know, for example, what black hives are, and that you are able to accept the statement that they have struck in about the heart, even still the course is not clear. You have to deal with some very vague notions of anatomy. If it is a leg or an arm, a foot or a finger, that is mentioned, you can trust so far, but not much further. Take that word "heart," for example. I remember Paddy Doyle telling me one morning—Paddy was a handy fellow who used to do odd jobs for me about the house and garden—that his father had bought a calf in Ballyboo Fair, but that he feared it would do little good with him, as it had got straws, he thought, in its heart.

"Straws in its heart!" I exclaimed. "What nonsense! How could straws get there? And if they did, the calf would not live five minutes."

"Oh yes," he replied, "plenty of them has straws in the heart; but it's rare that they do any good."

I was not going to argue such a matter with Paddy, and said no more. But two days after, he informed me that the calf had died, and that on cutting it open they had found, as they suspected, straws in its heart; adding that "it's ill done to buy a calf you are not acquaint with, for it's few knows what's in the inside of a strange baste." After a few questions, I found that it was the stomach Paddy meant, and that the word "heart" was used in a general kind of way for the inside, the centre, as we speak of the heart of a tree.

But suppose it is a red line, or that the patient himself has brought the black one, your difficulties, though lessened, have not disappeared.

"What is wrong with you?" I asked of Jack Scrimgeour, to whose house I had gone to see him.

"Aren't you the doctor?" he replied, in a surly tone.

"Yes, of course I am," I answered.

"Well, of course I won't tell you," he rejoined; "that's just what I sent for you to tell *me*."

A case such as this, where the patient refuses to give you any information, is, I confess, a rare one. Generally the sufferer is communicative enough, the difficulty being to make out the meaning of the strange expressions and illustrations used. Sometimes one meets with quite "a wealth of description."

"What's the matter with you, Mrs. McCrea?" I asked a wiry and active old woman whom I was visiting.

"Augh! Is it what's the matter with me, doctor dear, that I'm to tell you? A dale easier I'd find it to tell you what's not the matter with me—I'm just all wrong thegither."

"Well, but is there a pain anywhere? Come, tell me how you feel," I said.

"Is it how do I feel, doctor?" she answered. "I can hardly spake to tell you; but I just feel a-rugging an' a-tugging, an' a-withering an' a-squeezing, an' a-roasting an' a-swamping, an' gif I were a-carding."

I am happy to say that Mrs. McCrea recovered from a sickness of which these were the alarming symptoms.

But now suppose you have discovered exactly what it is that is wrong with your patient, that you have prescribed the proper remedies, that you have given your instructions clearly, and have taken care to see that they were understood. Your course is clear now, you think. No mistake could be greater. I do not speak of the ordinary errors, neglect, or carelessness, which hinder the means used from taking proper effect. But there are disturbing elements, which probably you have omitted altogether from your calculations. You have given such and such medicines. Well, how do you know who will take those medicines, or whether any one will? Shortly after coming to Kilmany my eyes were rather opened on this subject. It was the day for attending at the dispensary. I had for some hours been giving out the proper medicines to those present. The hour for closing had come, and I had left the place, and was walking through the village toward my house. Suddenly a heavy shower came on. I had no umbrella, and turned for shelter into an archway, at the further end of which there was a chest, on which I seated myself. I had not been a couple of minutes there when two of my patients, who had just come from the dispensary, entered the archway for the same purpose. As the end where I sat was dark, they did not see me, and turning their backs toward me, they began to talk.

"Well, Jinny, what do you think of the new doctor?"

"Sorra a much I think of him at all, Peggy! He would not stand to hear the half of my complaint, and he gave me the wrong medicine entirely. What was it he gave you, Peggy?"

"It's a bottle, Jinny. I'm to take it three times a day, he says. There it is; and it's a poor kind of smell it has about it. I tould him it was pills I wanted, and that bottles never done me any good!"

"Well, it's pills he's give me," said the other, "and I can't take them at all. But I can take a bottle rightly. I'm thinking we'll swop. Fien a bit wiser the doctor 'll be;" and they exchanged their medicine then and there. The shower was over; Peggy and Jinny were leaving the archway without having discovered me, the former saying as she went out, "I suppose I'd best take the pills three times a day, the way the bottle was to be took."

Administering the wrong medicine is of course a more dangerous proceeding than merely failing to administer the right one, though this is bad enough, and very trying to the temper of any doctor who is anxious about and interested in his cases. I may mention an instance of this which occurred also shortly after I came to Kilmany. Old Mulloy, whose house was about four miles distant from the village, held a small farm, valuable enough, however, to raise him above the class of persons entitled to receive medical aid gratuitously. One of his daughters—Marianne, a girl of about eighteen or twenty years of age—was seriously ill. I had prescribed for her, and I called a few days after to see how she was getting on. As I entered the house I saw several members of the family sitting round the fire in the kitchen. They looked up, but did not move from their seats, or show any of that politeness which one meets with usually even in the houses of the poorest. I thought their conduct strange; however, I inquired how the girl was. No answer. So I asked again: "How's Marianne to-day?"

"Umph!" said the father, in a gruff voice, without looking up. "Not much better."

"What!" I said; "is there no improvement?"

"Sorra a bit!" was the reply, in the same sulky tone.

"How's that?" I asked. "Did she take the medicine?"

Again no answer. I repeated the question.

"Troth and she did not, doctor," the father replied, with emphasis.

"And why was that?" I inquired.

Then Mulloy rose up, and with an expression of indignation on his face, he said, "Biddy, fetch out that cat."

Biddy did as she was told—at least she opened the door of a cupboard that was in the wall, and there bounced out of it something like a half-roasted hare; an animal without a bit of fur on its body, and of a dull patchy slate-color. As it fled with something between a yell and a mew across the floor and out of the house, old Mulloy pointed sternly toward it and said, "No! by the blessing of Providence, we tried your powders upon the cat, or that's the way our Marianne would have been this day if she had taken what you sent her."

Sometimes the error is in the opposite direction. If the medicine is approved of, it will often be given to any other member of the family who happens to be unwell, such trifling considerations as age, sex, or even the nature of the sickness being set aside. I remember the case of an old woman who was suffering from a chronic affection of the throat. I had given her a large bottle full of, fortunately, a very innocent preparation, a tea-spoonful of which was to be taken when the cough was troublesome. There was enough of the medicine in the bottle to have lasted for a month. I was therefore somewhat astonished when, two days after, her daughter appeared at the dispensary, and setting down the empty bottle, requested that it might be refilled.

"It has not begun to operate yet, doctor," she observed, "which mother thinks is strange, for she has given it every fair play; she has took it morning, noon, and night since you sent it. Sorra a bite she ates but she drinks the mixture with it. She supped it with her broghen and took it in her tay."

This is an instance of a practice common enough of using the medicine received in a way never intended by the doctor. I shall give another example of a somewhat different kind.

One morning I remarked that there was an unusually large number of persons in the waiting-room of the dispensary, many of them fine blooming girls, who looked as unlike persons requiring the physician as possible.

"What do you want, Maggie?" I asked of the first of these who presented herself.

"Mother sent me," she said, dropping a courtesy, "for a couple of doses of oil," and she handed me a small bottle, which I filled.

To my surprise, they all wanted the same. "A little oil, doctor, if you plaise." Well, castor-oil is an innocent medicine, and not likely, I thought, to be used as an article of diet. So I filled each of the bottles with the oil, wondering much what sort of epidemic this was that seemed to have at once attacked so many families. Next Sunday, on coming into the village church, the mystery was solved. There was an unmistakable odor in the air, and the unusually sleek hair of many of the boys and girls bore witness to the use the oil had been put to. The next dispensary day there was quite a crowd in the waiting-room, evidently wanting oil. I was prepared for this, and announced that no persons should receive castor-oil who did not require it for their own use, and that as this was a medicine for internal and not external use, the applicant must *swallow it in my presence.* One-half of my visitors left the waiting-room that day without coming into the dispensary to see me; and as they passed the window, I could perceive that in spite of their disappointment they enjoyed the joke.

There is one idea that any physician taking charge of the dispensary district of Kilmany would do well to get rid of—I mean the notion that he will be thought to understand his own business better than his unprofessional neighbors. Quite the contrary. The doctor's bottles will probably be submitted to the clergyman for approval, the parson's doctrines indeed being in return laid before the doctor to decide whether they are orthodox, if he will take upon himself such an office. But questions both of divinity and medical science will have eventually to be decided by old Mrs. Featherstone. "I would like to hear what Mrs. Featherstone has to say on that point," is the remark when the Sunday sermon is thought to have contained any dubious statement of doctrine. "Doctors is well enough, Mrs. Walker," I happened to hear a woman remark to her neighbor, who was coming to the dispensary for the medicine her husband required—"doctors is well enough when there's nothing sarious; but I wad recommend you, when he's that bad, to do nothing till Mrs. Featherstone has seen him." On another occasion, to the question, "Has the doctor seen poor Biddy?" the answer was, "Troth no, then; nor he won't. My daughter's too delicate for the doctor."

A patient of mine—poor old Tom Jackson—was ill of dropsy. His friends did not think well of my method of dealing with the case. In a neighboring town there was one Peter Blain, who kept a small shop in which tea, tobacco, some drugs, paints, garden seeds, and rat poison were sold. Dr. Blain he was called, though he had no claim to such a designation except what was derived from selling quack medicines and rat poison. To this person poor Jackson's friends went and explained the symptoms of the disease, the worst being, as they said, want of sleep. To remedy this, "Dr." Blain gave them a box of opium pills, a number of which they administered on returning home. In the middle of the night I was called up to see Jackson, who, they told me, was dying. I perceived at once that the man had been poisoned, and on asking what he had taken, the remaining pills were shown to me. I did all I could to save his life, getting rid of as much as possible of the poison by means of a stomach-pump; but the patient had been in a very weak and prostrate condition, and he never rallied. There was an inquest, the coroner's jury being composed of small farmers in the neighborhood, who happened to hold some rather curious religious opinions. In the verdict they agreed upon it was stated that no blame attached to Dr. Blain, but that I, Dr. M——, was guilty of manslaughter, for using a horrible engine nowhere sanctioned in Scripture!

These few anecdotes, as they are strictly true, may serve, so far as they go, as indications of characters and mental peculiarities not unfrequently to be met with amongst dispensary patients in the north of Ireland. When I came to take charge of the Kilmany district my predecessor was still in the place. I remember the evening before he left we walked up to the little church upon the hill, from which there was a good view of the country round. "There have been many changes here," he remarked, "since first I knew the place. And it's not so very long ago either. Would you believe it now?" he asked; "there was hardly a grave in that church-yard when I came here, and see how full it is now!"

"True for you, doctor," the sexton, who was standing near, remarked; "and you attended a'most every one of them. You have not been idle since you came to us, doctor, that's certain." There was a twinkle in the old sexton's eye as he spoke, and though he kept quite grave, we both laughed heartily.

DEFECTIVE VISION.

TEST FOR COLOR-BLINDNESS.

INVESTIGATIONS in various parts of the world during the last few years have shown that color-blindness prevails to an extent quite unexpected. About four per cent. of males are found to have this chromatic defect, whilst with females it is very rare. This is true of the community in general. Curiously enough, where railroad employés and seamen have been tested, it has been frequently found much above this ratio with them. It is now well understood that color-blindness is a source of danger on railroads, where at least *red* lights must be used, and on the ocean, where both *red* and *green* are by law required to be exhibited after sundown on the two sides of all vessels.

Now it may well be asked, how is it that this amount of color-blindness has remained undetected, especially as it is of such importance on land and sea? A full answer to this may be best obtained by a careful perusal of Dr. Jeffries's recent work on *Color-Blindness, its Dangers and its Detection* (noticed in the August number of *Harper's Monthly*), where a special and very interesting chapter will be found devoted to this point. It will be there seen that what has contributed more than all else to the concealment of color-blindness has been the lack of a ready and certain method of exposing the defect. It is only since this has been solved by Professor Holmgren, of the University of Upsala, Sweden, that reliable and extended statistics could be gathered as to the relative frequency of this hitherto disregarded defect of the eye or brain, or both, as physiology may possibly hereafter be able to tell us.

It is, curiously enough, now perfectly demonstrated that what would seem absolutely sure, viz., the asking the names of the colors of lanterns or flags, or any colored objects, is no test whatever. All experiments where the examined are thus questioned are faulty. *How* they see the colors most important to be recognized—*red* and *green*—is what is needed to be known. This can be done by comparison. If to a red or green object a person matches a gray, *in which is no color*, then we know red and green appear gray to him, or, in other words, without color—darker, of course, according as there is more of the pigment. Many have been and are the devices to accomplish this purpose of getting at the impression of color on the examined's brain through some readily detected action of his. None, however, can compare with Holmgren's beautifully simple and scientific one of the sorting of colored worsteds. This is based on a theory of color perception known as the Young-Helmholtz theory, which, however, need not be discussed here. It may be studied in Dr. Jeffries's book by those especially interested on the point.

Holmgren's test, which has been used in the schools and colleges of this country, and on some of the railroads and steamboats, is as follows: A large number—perhaps some 150—of little hanks of worsted are made up in various shades of the spectral colors. The whole laid along in a row would very well represent the solar spectrum we obtain by the sunlight through a prism thrown on a white surface. A light green worsted, neither yellowish nor bluish, is laid out one side on a white surface, and some few feet from it the 150 little hanks of worsted, all of the same size, are mixed together in a heap. The person to be examined is then asked to "select from the bundle those worsteds which look like the one laid out, of the same color, either lighter or darker." No name of color is mentioned, much less asked. The impression of the color of the worsteds on the eye and brain of the examined causes his hands to move, and select this or that skein to match the test. Thus just what that impression is can be detected. Examiner and examined need not speak a mutual language. Neither need speak, as the former can make the selections and pantomime to the latter to repeat them after the worsteds are again mixed up together. All to be examined can stand round and see what is being done. The color-blind thereby learn nothing by which they could conceal their defect, and the normal-eyed see how to quickly do what is asked of them when their turn comes. Except by the looks of wonder, or remarks of the bystanders, the color-blind does not know that he has made any mistake in matching red and brown and gray with the test-green worsted, much less will he know that his chromatic defect has been detected and exposed, and *all this within a few seconds.*

It is thus settled that the examined is color-blind. Whether he is red or green blind makes no difference, as one practically implies the other. In either case, he is unfitted for railroad duty. Violet-blindness is of no consequence. Blue and yellow appear to a violet-blind of a grayish tone. But yellow and blue are not, or need not be, used for night signals. Moreover, violet-blindness is *extremely* rare.

If, now, it is of value to determine whether a person is red or green blind, a skein of purple worsted, Magenta, is laid out as the test. To this the red-blind will match blue and purple, as they do not see the red in the Magenta, but only the other color of which it is composed, namely, blue. The green-blind, on the other hand, match to the Magenta greens and grays. All this is in accordance with and readily explainable by the Young-Helmholtz theory, as fully described in Dr. Jeffries's book. The violet-blind will match to the Magenta worsted, besides purples, orange. In this second test, again, the color-blind are quite unconscious of having made any mistake, of which even it is frequently difficult to convince them, so assured are they of being correct in their matching.

So simple does all this seem to the laity watching an ophthalmic surgeon carrying out his test that they not infrequently imagine they could do the same, which might possibly be true, but much more likely the reverse. The grave question of dismissal of a seemingly (to himself and fellow-employés, at least) competent engineer or pilot is hardly one for the laity to decide. The employé has certainly the right to call for the report or certificate of a thoroughly skilled and equally impartial ophthalmic surgeon. Any other method than this, even under State legislative authority, might well lead to trouble on our railroads. The necessity for great caution and a thorough knowledge of the physiology of color sensation, besides familiarity with tests for the latter, is self-evident, even on the part of physicians. This is well proved by the very extended explanation and minute directions Professor Holmgren himself gives for the carrying out of his valuable test.

These examinations, as was reported by Dr. Jeffries to the Boston and Lowell Railroad Company, can be carried out in a car attached to the paymaster's train, whereby none of the employé's time is lost for the company, and he is not taken from his duty. There is thus no excuse on this score for the railroads not protecting their passengers as well as themselves from danger by a search for and dismissal of color-blind employés. This latter, the dismissal from service, or placing those defective where they can not be dangerous, would be determined by subsequent re-examinations in various additional ways that need not be here explained. Our readers want naturally to know only how color-blindness is first found out.

TEST OF VISUAL ACUTENESS.

It has been thus shown how the professional examiner decides whether the employé is able to carry out his part of a mutual contract, in being

possessed or not of a normal color sense. He must, however, possess something more, and that is normal acuteness of vision. This is, of course, too self-evident to need being discussed. Yet it seems that on the Boston and Lowell Railroad eighteen out of ninety-four engineers, firemen, and switchmen failed to come up to a standard of eyesight required by law in Europe, some having but one eye, and several requiring glasses. A spectacled employé is not, however, a re-assuring object to nervous passengers.

Power of sight, or visual acuteness, is determined by finding how small an object pictured on the retina of the eye can be recognized. Probably many of our readers have puzzled over the letters they have seen hung up in the office of some ophthalmic surgeon. These are for determining visual acuteness. Their size is regulated by certain optical laws governing the physiology of vision. A standard for *normal vision* is found by large numbers of examinations made in different parts of the world. This is now quite definitely settled, so that the same test and standard are used by ophthalmic surgeons all over the globe. Letters are used for the objects to be looked at, as being most definite and most convenient. When the examined can not read, numbers are substituted; and when these are unknown, different-sized white spots on a black ground may be employed, as has been done to test the eyesight of savage tribes. Of course many people are found whose visual acuteness is above what is taken as the normal standard. When letters are used as the test they are arranged in sets of various sizes, to be read at various fixed distances. If the person examined can read them at a certain number of meters distant he is considered as having "normal vision." For instance, the examined is placed at six meters, and if they can read the letters from that distance, their sight, or visual power, is expressed as equal to $\frac{6}{6}$, or normal. If at this distance of six meters they can only read those for twelve meters, then their vision is equal $\frac{6}{12}$, or one-half the normal. If, again, letters for three meters are read at six meters distance, then visual acuteness is equal $\frac{6}{3}$, or double the normal, and so on for the letters above and below the standard for six meters.

The ophthalmic surgeon has not, however, finished his task in deciding between employer and employé till the eyes and lids have been carefully examined, etc., and any trouble or disease noted. This, however, is professional detail unnecessary to be entered into. It was intended only by this article to explain to our readers how railroad employés and seamen have been tested here and there in this country, and show by this how necessary it is that such examinations should be carried out everywhere, under legal enactments, for the safety of the public.

COURTSHIP AMONG THE HUDSON BAY HALF-BREEDS.

FRANÇOIS or Gabriel generally comes early in the evening, and having been duly embraced and hand-shaken by the entire family, is at once invited to dine. The fact of its being past the dinner hour makes no difference, as the invitation is extended in accordance with hospitable custom. The father of Philomel takes his seat at table with his guest, being in duty bound to eat with every one he entertains, and the female members of the family wait upon them. Both proceed to make themselves omnipresent as far as possible. Their fingers are everywhere, and ignoring such confining influences as knives and forks, they soon attain an enviable state of greasiness. During the progress of the meal the host is untiring in his efforts to overload his guest with buffalo-hump and tea. He informs him that he eats no more than a sparrow; that it is a constant mystery to him how he is able to preserve life at all on so small a quantity of food; that he confidently expects him to become a saint in glory ere long, but intends doing his best not to let him go up from his roof by reason of starvation; that Philomel has an appetite something like his own, and that it has been a cause of anxiety to him all her life long. While thus commiserating his guest's poor appetite, *mon père* is rapidly and bountifully helping himself, and makes amends for what he is pleased to call his visitor's abstemiousness. When both have eaten enough to cause immediate surfeit, and the father-in-law in prospect is blue in the face, a smoke is suggested.

While the smoking is going on, Philomel deftly sweeps from the table the remnants of the repast, and retires to a corner of the apartment by herself. Here, when the fumigation is over, the enamored Gabriel joins her, and his doing so is a signal for the rest of the family to become suddenly unconscious of their presence. This oblivion does duty on such occasions for a separate apartment. Whatever incidents of a tender nature occur are supposed to be invisible to any person save the principals. Everybody acts on this theory. Even the respected but dissipated host produces his black bottle with the hoarded store of rum, and drinks it himself, under the assumed belief that his young guest is in the next room. The small brothers-in-law that are to be indulge in a rather vindictive skirmish over a moccasin game in utter ignorance of any bodily pressure; and the seven sisters of Philomel criticise the cut of her lover's garments, and the classic but retiring beauty of his countenance, with a charming unconsciousness of his close proximity. Philomel, plastic and pliable Philomel, is in no manner abashed at being wooed in the presence of her relatives, and even becomes herself the wooer on discovering that Gabriel is in a certain degree timid. She intimates by caresses of the hand that they are alone, and converses in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to dispel the idea that they can be overheard. If Gabriel recovers courage in some measure, he looks upon Philomel admiringly, as he would upon any other thing of beauty, and it is not long before she becomes conscious of the observation. Then it is a study to watch the airs assumed by this half-breed belle. She is as well versed in the freemasonry of her sex as if born with a white skin and reared in Madison Square. There is no difference in her mode of action; the only difference is in the effect.

Gabriel, unless he is an adept at the business, can not entirely rid himself of the depressing effect of twelve pairs of eyes taking in his glances. He is, in consequence, not so susceptible to her wiles as he would be if otherwise situated. At first he limits his love-making to affectionate looks, caresses, and the simpler forms of speech which convey to her the knowledge that she is the light of his eyes. As the evening advances, and his embarrassment wears off, he ventures upon remarks of a more intensely passionate nature, indicative of his love and desire to be first in her affections. The mixed language spoken by the lovers affords an unlimited supply of diminutives; and Gabriel may call his sweetheart by the names of almost all the animal creation, and yet use but legitimate pet names. In the Cree tongue he may address her as his musk-ox, or, if he desires to become more tender, may call her his musk-rat with equal propriety. By a blending of two Indian tongues she becomes a beautiful wolverene, and a standard but commonplace love-name is "my little pig."

The half-breed's pet names have all been taken from those of animals that seem to be especially innocent or beautiful in his eyes; and the fact that different persons have different standards of beauty and innocence has led to the invention of an almost unlimited vocabulary of diminutives. When the lady-love is inclined to be stout, the names of the larger animals are chosen, and rather liked by her upon whom they are conferred. We remember that one woman was affectionately called the Megatherium—a name that clung to her for months, as being peculiarly the representative of ideal love.

After the lovers have passed a considerable time in this manner, alone, as it were, the sisters and other female relatives of Philomel evince an inclination to take part in the wooing. They participate in the conversation by almost imperceptible degrees; then gather by slow approaches into the corner set apart for the courting; and at last become a radiant but tawny group, sparkling and scintillating in the humor of the heathen tongues. They resolve themselves into a species of whippers-in; condole with each other upon the prospective loss of their dear sister; congratulate Gabriel upon having gained the affections of so irreproachable a maiden as Philomel, and feel assured that their lives will be one of unalloyed happiness. In this way the half-breed lover is wafted into matrimony with a facility and dispatch not easily excelled by her fairer sisters of paved avenues.

OUR ANCIENTS.

RESPECTING the discoveries which have just been made in certain caves in Moravia, some interesting details are published in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*. For some months past excavations have been going on upon the Kotoutsch Hill, near Stramberg, which have already brought to light a large number of remains of the highest scientific interest. The work has been carried on under the direction of Herr J. Maschka, a master of the Realschule of Neutitschein, who has conducted the operations in the most systematic and careful manner. The spots where the most important discoveries have been made are the two caves of Schipka and Tchertova Dira (or the Dwarf's Cave). The objects which have been found and the position in which they were discovered prove in the clearest possible manner that both the caves mentioned were inhabited by men in prehistoric ages. The cave of Schipka, the roof of which has partly fallen in, was, it is shown, occupied by human beings in the oldest stone age, or paleolithic period, while the occupants of the Dwarf's Cave lived at a later era, when man was already, to some extent, acquainted with the use of metals. It is further evident that the caves were occupied by man at a period contemporary with the existence of the mammoth and cave-bear, as, at a depth of one meter, among the remains of these animals there were found bones which had been burned, and others which had been artificially fashioned. The objects obtained in the Schipka Cave comprise thousands of bones of antediluvian animals, as the mammoth, rhinoceros, cave-bear, horse, cave-ox, stag, reindeer, etc. Further, there are thousands of separate teeth and horns of these animals, besides numerous well-preserved stone and bone tools, which were dug up as far down as three meters below the floor of the cave. In the uppermost layer of the cave floor the excavators also found seven objects of bronze, consisting of a celt, five concentric rings, and one ring with a rectangular cross, or wheel with four spokes. In the Tchertova Dira the discoveries include bones of the cave-bear, reindeer, edelhirsch, primeval ox, etc., besides numerous pieces of horn showing artificial work, and many well-preserved bone objects and tools, such as awls or bodkins and pins or needles, pierced with holes; three-edged and four-edged arrow-heads, rough and unpolished stone tools of flint, jasper, chalcedony; fragments of very different kinds of earthenware vessels, with and without graphite coating, which had been made by hand, without the use of the potter's wheel, and which are covered with characteristic ornaments. Further, there are some three-edged arrow-points of bronze, with a hole for poison; there are teeth pierced with a hole, mussel-shells, whetstones, and bobbins for spinning. On the crown of the hill above this cave extensive patches of ground on which there had been fires have been found, and immediately under the turf, along with numberless fragments of pottery, there were dug up fragments of graphite vessels, stone tools, and, among other things, a knife 117 millimeters in length, and polished.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AT the southeastern end of Long Island is the wild and desolate yet picturesque peninsula known as Montauk Point. More than two hundred years ago this whole tract of country was occupied by the famous tribe of Montauk Indians. In 1660 the Indians made the first conveyance of their territory to the settlers of Easthampton; and from time to time additional conveyances were made, until now the miserable remnant of the once powerful tribe retain only the privilege of occupying a certain portion, from which they obtain a scanty subsistence. Not long ago it was decided by some of the descendants of the original purchasers of Montauk Point, and by others who have gained an interest in the land, that it was expedient to sell the property, and on October 22 it will be disposed of by public auction at Easthampton. The whole strip of land to be sold is about ten miles long, varying from a mile to three miles in width, and includes nearly eleven thousand five hundred acres. There are numerous ponds, about two thousand acres of woodland, and six thousand acres susceptible of tillage. About a year ago the remnant of the Montauk tribe consisted only of David and Stephen Pharaoh and William Fowler, and their wives and children. But King David and his successor, King Stephen, have since died, thus reducing the number still more.

The sale of Montauk Point will doubtless awaken considerable interest, not so much from its money value as from its history, from the circumstances of its sale, and from its possible future. At this wild point shooting and fishing are good, the ocean is magnificently grand, and the air pure and invigorating. It is rumored that there is a project of transforming this desolate peninsula into a romantic watering-place and summer resort. Another contemplated improvement is the construction of a harbor and port of entry on the northern side, toward Long Island Sound.

It is the opinion of Mr. Seth Green, the fish-culturist, that there should "be a law requiring that all brook trout under seven inches in length which may be caught be thrown back into the water. When they have arrived at that size they have escaped all the dangers of infancy, and at the end of another year will become fish worth catching. A trout four inches in length will in one year quadruple his weight."

In consequence of bad harvests and numerous floods, the distress in parts of Hungary threatens to become appalling during the coming winter.

There have been some exceedingly rare and valuable additions made to the Astor Library during the past year. Noticeable among these are *Catholicon*, in folio, 1460, in early Gothic type, attributed to Gutenberg; the first German printed Bible, *Die Heylige Bibel*, two volumes, folio; *Biblia Sacra Latina*, a beautiful manuscript on finest vellum of the fourteenth century; *Boethius De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, also a richly emblazoned manuscript, with miniatures; and a fine tome, from the renowned library of the late Duke of Sussex, devoted to the service of the Greek Church. These rare literary relics were the gift of Mr. J. J. Astor. The other additions have been very numerous, and have been judiciously scattered over the various departments. Even a cursory glance at their quarterly list of accessions certifies to the activity and intelligence of the superintendent, Mr. Robbins Little, and of the librarian, Mr. Frederick Saunders, who has long been known as a polished writer, well versed in English and American literature. The number of students and visitors is steadily on the increase, and the institution may fairly claim to be one of the most actively useful in the country.

A Normal College has been opened in Bangkok, Siam, on the general plan of the one existing in New York city. Arrangements were made for the accommodation of eighty pupils, but about one hundred and thirty presented themselves, among whom were twelve princes of the realm. The origin of this college is referred to an illustrated article upon the educational system of this city, particularly of the Normal College, which was published in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* in the spring of 1878. In course of time a copy of this magazine fell into the hands of the King of Siam, and he was so much interested in it that he caused the Rev. Samuel G. McFarland, a Presbyterian missionary to Siam, whom he had appointed Superintendent of Education for his kingdom, to write to the president of the Board of Education of this city for further details in regard to the college, stating that the King of Siam had resolved to civilize his people by educating them. He also sent money for educational books. Various books were sent to Siam, some of them being presented to the king by the authors. Not long ago letters were received in which the reception of the books was gratefully acknowledged, and the above-mentioned facts given concerning the Normal School.

The St. Gothard Tunnel will probably be completed by the first of next December.

Gloucester fisheries have been successful this year. During the week ending September 20 no less than ninety-seven fishing vessels arrived at Gloucester laden with halibut, cod, mackerel, etc.

Before the recent elections in Maine, John Allen, an aged Methodist well known at camp-meetings, was requested by a Greenbacker to attend a Greenback meeting and open it with prayer. The old man hesitated, but finally said, "Well, brother, I guess I will. The Lord knows you need praying for bad enough."

A new and important postal regulation has lately been issued. Hitherto postal employés have been permitted to change the addresses on misdirected mail matter, but evils resulting from this practice have caused it to be forbidden. The Postmaster-General has decided that matter not addressed to any post-office can not be forwarded, but must be returned to the sender, if known, for better directions, or else sent to the Dead-letter Office. There are about forty-two thousand post-offices, and it is estimated there are three times this number of places having local names, but not post-offices, to which matter is sometimes directed, and employés have been permitted to guess at the proper destination of such matter. This is now not allowed, and such matter is to be considered as "unmailable." Postmasters are instructed to inform the senders of the proper post-office address of matter returned to them because it is not addressed to a post-office, or give them other necessary information. Such matter when redirected will be forwarded without additional charge for postage, even if the stamps have been cancelled.

An exchange, in commenting upon the characteristics of the artist Hunt, whose recent death has occasioned so much regret, says that his habits of work were peculiar. He toiled hard and incessantly so long as the mood was on, but would leave a work abruptly as soon as inspiration waned, and often never touched it again. He would not be bothered by idlers in his studio. His summer studio at Magnolia was an old barn nicknamed "the old ship," remodelled and picturesquely fitted up. The studio is in the second story, and the entrance is by steps to a trap-door. When Hunt went up to work, it was his usual custom to hoist the steps up after him by pulley and tackle, and close the trap-door. So he was secure from all intruders. His Boston studio, in the top of the old building on the corner of Boylston Street and Park Square, also has a trap-door; and any one who wished to see him when he was in and at work was obliged to ring the street-door bell, and communicate with him through a speaking-tube.

For several years past the Weather Bureau has been taking observations at a number of coast stations for the purpose of determining the thermal character of the sea from Florida to Maine. One fact apparently established is that the water along the coasts and inlets is slightly warmer in August than in July. The average of maximum temperature of the water in July and August at Jacksonville, Florida, is 87.75° for the former and 88.25° for the latter month, and grows cooler in more northern latitudes, up to Portland, Maine, where it is 60.25° and 60.50°. Official observations are made at the bottom or a few feet below the surface of the sea, so as to prevent the thermometer from being affected by the sun's rays. When water falls below 70°, many persons, particularly those who are delicate, find bathing in it neither pleasant nor beneficial.

A correspondent, referring to a recent article in the *Weekly* on "Superstitions among German Soldiers," says that during the late war he noticed that whenever there was a prospect of a battle, and our soldiers were about to form into line, the ground in the vicinity would be strewn with packs of cards, books of a doubtful moral character, etc. Inquiry into the cause of this, however, revealed proofs that it was by no means the result of superstition, but rather of pride and self-respect. Soldiers did not wish, in the event of their death or of serious wounding, that such articles should be found upon them, or returned to their friends as having belonged to them.

Recently there appeared in the columns of a contemporary an article upon our public libraries. The writer took great exception to the conduct and management of these institutions, remarking at length upon the difficulties often experienced by subscribers in availing themselves of the advantages of large collections of books, on account of the ignorance of the librarians regarding the treasures under their charge, the stolidity and indifference of assistants, and the mysterious intricacies of catalogues. So much that was said is so indisputably true, and describes so accurately the experiences of frequenters of our large city libraries, that it is pleasant to call attention to one extensive and popular institution of this character where no such difficulties are to be met with. We allude to the Brooklyn Mercantile Library, which has now for many years lent attraction to that city. Here the conduct and management of the library are under the charge of precisely such a man as the journal to which we have alluded demands shall be placed in such positions—an accomplished bibliographer, whose life has been passed in making acquaintance with books, and who has presided for more than a quarter of a century over the collection of which he has charge. So far from excluding himself from the gaze of persons who frequent the library, as is the habit of those occupying a similar position elsewhere, he is always on hand, ready to respond to the anxious inquiry of any subscriber, whose demands for information his assistants are not able to satisfy. The whereabouts of each book in his collection is perfectly familiar to him, and it is rare that he is not able to give an accurate account of just what is to be found between its covers. Like a veteran army officer, he knows not only every member of the literary rank and file by name, but just what amount of assistance he is likely to render in any tussle for information in which an applicant may be engaged.

Added to this, there is at the Brooklyn Mercantile Library a catalogue, the work of this same faithful and appreciative guardian of literary treasures, which excels any compilation of the kind to be found in any library on our American continent. It is the suggestion of its author that his catalogue was "intended for idiots." Be this as it may, catalogues are usually works that try to the uttermost the capacity of thoroughly rational beings. It is the characteristic of this one that, without wearisome and perplexing search, it lays open the entire resources of the library upon any subject that the inquirer may desire to study. It also points out the whereabouts of articles that have appeared in periodicals, so that in a measure it supplements the valuable but brief index of Poole. At present this catalogue is just upon the eve of completion. When done it will represent the labor of several years; and as a guide to writers, and those who desire to study thoroughly any single subject, it will be one of the most valuable books of reference in our language.

Another feature of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library to which attention should be called is the fact that, with the exception of the librarian and one assistant, the work of taking charge of the books and waiting upon subscribers is performed by young ladies. The famous Sidney Dobell, who declared that "female literature was an error and an anomaly," if he had undertaken to pursue his studies in the libraries of our American cities, would, we are certain, have been equally ready to insist that to no one can literary treasures, after they have once been created, be so well intrusted as to women. It is one of the mistakes of our present civilization that the services of a superior woman can be had for as small a salary as those of an inferior man. This, perhaps, accounts for the fact that while an inquirer may contend for half an hour with some stupid male clerk in a public library, whose knowledge of books is conspicuous by its non-existence, he has only to apply to a woman in the same position to be readily and intelligently waited upon. Women are readers in our country, and to discover the resources of a library is a labor of love. To place these resources at the command of subscribers is with them simply the conscientious fulfillment of a duty, to which they bring the instinctive grace and politeness of the sex.

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.—[See Page 810.]

"The Goddess (Minerva) dispersed the mist, and earth appeared; and much-enduring, modest Ulysses was then glad, rejoicing in his own land."—Homer's Odyssey.

WELCOME TO GENERAL GRANT.

The reception accorded General Grant on his return to his native country, after an absence of over two years, was undoubtedly the grandest ovation ever extended to an American upon his own soil. Abroad, gorgeous parades and magnificent welcomes to returning heroes are a matter of course, but here the simplicity of manner inculcated by the fathers of the republic has had the effect of making such demonstrations appear senseless and out of taste. There was, however, on this occasion an exuberance about the Californian mind that could not be restrained. Usually great events of a similar character take place on the Atlantic sea-board, and the inhabitants of the Golden State have no opportunity of expressing their enthusiasm. This time San Francisco was to have the honor of extending the first welcome, after a long tour in foreign lands to the soldier and statesman who carried us through one of the most trying epochs in our history, and her citizens were determined to make the most of it.

It was expected the vessel containing General Grant and his party would be sighted off the Golden Gate on the morning of Saturday the 20th. Throughout the city immense preparations had been made in the way of floral decorations and bunting, and when the hour of noon had come and gone without any news of the steamer, the former began to assume rather a wilted air. The patience of the crowd also had nearly become exhausted, and tradesmen, whose business had been prostrated by the general excitement, began to look depressed. By three o'clock the executive committee in charge of the demonstration were in session at the Palace Hotel, discussing the question whether the grand reception should be given on Sunday, in case of the vessel's arrival, or postponed until Monday, when the sudden ringing of the bell upon the Merchants' Exchange produced an electric thrill throughout the city. Immediately a flag was run up, and as quickly as if the news had been telegraphed, everybody in the city knew that the steam-ship *City of Tokio*, with General Grant on board, had been sighted. Immediately bells began to ring all over the city, and steam-whistles to blow, and cannon to thunder. Thousands of men, women, and children, relieved of the suspense of the preceding three days, began to gather on foot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, the crowd pouring rapidly out in the direction of Presidio Heights, Point Lobas, Telegraph Hill, and all the other high points available, eager to catch the first glimpse of the ship that bore the guest for whose reception extraordinary preparations had been made, and whose arrival had been so anxiously awaited. Other crowds hurried to the wharves, where lay the steamboats and yachts that where to figure in the marine pageant.

As soon as it was possible for the reception committee, which consisted of Frank M. Pixley, ex-Senator Cole, General Miller, and P. B. Cornwall, to reach the wharf, they embarked upon the steam-tug *Millen Griffith*, which lay with steam up at the Pacific Mail dock, and at once started to meet the incoming steamer. The *Millen Griffith* stood well out to sea, and several miles outside the Heads met the *City of Tokio* coming in. The great vessel relaxed her speed, lines were thrown, and a ladder lowered. The first to spring aboard from the tug was Ulysses S. Grant, Jun., son of the General. After him followed the committee, in honor of whom General Grant threw away the never-failing cigar. As the four gentlemen approached he shook hands with all, and answered their hearty greetings with a few brief words, saying little more than that he was glad to get back again, and thanking them for their kind reception. Scarcely was this formality over when the government steamer *McPherson* drew up on the other side of the *Tokio*. On board of her came General McDowell, who commands the Military Division of the Pacific, accompanied by his staff, General Kelton, General Holabird, Colonel Bachelder, Major Keeler, and Captain Coster. They were speedily on the deck of the *Tokio*, and were warmly greeted by their old commander. Almost at the same time the *China* came up, and the crowds that blackened her decks began to cheer.

As soon as the smaller vessels were detached from the *Tokio*, the great steamer got under full headway, and before long met the flotilla of steam and sail craft, which first made way for her, and then turned to follow in her track. Thus escorted, she steamed toward the city, while in the mean time it seemed as if the whole population of San Francisco had sought positions from which a view of the novel pageant might be obtained. Every eminence commanding the channel was black with assembled thousands. As the vessels approached, gay with bunting, the sun declined toward the west, low clouds along the horizon became brilliant in the fading rays, and the whole scene was one of remarkable beauty. Mount Tamalpais and the distant mountains north of the bay were veiled in a mist, and Mission Hill and the seaward heights of the peninsula were shrouded in a fog, but the channel was unobstructed, and the bold outlines of the Golden Gate rose sharply against the sky, while the bay itself, with the islands and shores of Alameda and Contra Costa, was bathed in sunlight. The impatient crowds that covered the hill-sides stood straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the *Tokio*. A hundred times the cry was raised, "There she comes!" as chance arrivals came in view between the Heads. It was half past five o'clock when a puff of white smoke from seaward, from off the earth-works back of and above Fort Point, and the booming of a heavy gun, announced that the steam-ship was near at hand. Another and another detonation followed in rapid succession. Fort Point next joined in the cannonade, firing with both casemate and barbette guns, and the battery at Lime Point added its thunders to the voice of welcome. In a few moments the entrance to the harbor was veiled in wreaths of smoke, and as the batteries of Angel Island, Black Point, and Alcatraz opened fire in succession, the whole channel was soon shrouded in clouds from their rapid discharges. For some time the position of the approaching ship could not be discovered by those on shore; but shortly before six o'clock the outlines of the huge hull of the *City of Tokio* loomed through the obscurity of smoke and rapidly approaching shades of evening, lit up by the flashes of guns, and in a few moments she glided into full view, surrounded by a fleet of steamers and tugs. The United States steamer *Monterey*, lying in the stream, added the roar of her guns to the general welcome, and presently the screaming of hundreds of steam-whistles announced that the *City of Tokio* had reached her anchorage.

The ferry-boat *Oakland*, which had been in waiting, received General Grant and most of the party, though Mrs. Grant preferred to remain aboard the *Tokio*, and thus escape the enthusiastic reception awaiting her husband in the city. The first to greet the General as he stepped on board was Senator Jones, of Nevada, an old personal friend. As the *Oakland* moved from the vessel, bands struck up the familiar melody, "Home again, home again, from a foreign shore," though the music was sadly interfered with by the cheers of the crowd. In a few minutes the ferry-boat was at the wharf, and then the formal reception on the part of the city and the State took place. On one side of the gangway the Board of Supervisors was drawn up, and on the other Governor Irwin and staff and the executive committee. As soon as General Grant and his party had passed over the gangway, the Mayor delivered an address, in which he congratulated the traveller upon his safe return, and alluded to the many honors he had received abroad. He then spoke of the fact of General Grant's home having once been in San Francisco, and called attention to the number of his former fellow-citizens that had gathered to welcome him. After this the freedom and hospitality of the city were tendered to its distinguished guest. The speech was not long, but the reply made by General Grant did not belie the traditions concerning his public speaking, and was marked by the usual extreme brevity.

"Mr. Mayor: I accept with pleasure your invitation to become the guest of your citizens during my brief stay in San Francisco. It will afford me great pleasure to observe, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, the marvellous growth of your city, of which I have heard and read so much; and I have no doubt that when I come to see for myself, I will find that I had but a faint idea of the changes and prosperity of your city. I again ask you to express to the citizens of San Francisco my sincere appreciation of the compliment of the reception."

It was not without some difficulty that way was made through the crowd to the carriages waiting for the ex-President and his party. The procession waiting to escort them was fifteen blocks long, and numbered somewhere near eight thousand people in its ranks. When once under way, the vast concourse moved up Market and Montgomery streets to the Palace Hotel. All along the route windows were illuminated, bonfires blazed on the street corners, colored fires gleamed in front of many of the houses, electric lights added to the illumination and brought out the bright colors of the innumerable flags and banners, and Roman candles filled the air with shooting-stars. The spectacle was the most brilliant and impressive ever witnessed in the city. Near the Palace Hotel a beautiful arch, forty feet high, wreathed with flags, flowers, and evergreens, spanned New Montgomery Street. Here the carriage of General Grant stopped, and the General stood up and reviewed the procession as it filed by, bowing his acknowledgments for the cheers with which the various military and civil organizations in the line greeted him.

It took nearly three-quarters of an hour for the procession to pass, and then General Grant and his party were escorted into the hotel and to the magnificent rooms prepared for them. In the immense court-yard of the hotel the scene was one of dazzling beauty. Electric lights and hundreds of gas jets made the place almost as light as day, and in a few moments the crowd filled not only the court-yard, but the corridors of the hotel. The General entered the court-yard in the barouche, the wide doors having been thrown open, and as he stepped from the carriage Madame Fabbri and a chorus of five hundred voices, stationed on one of the balconies, sang an ode of welcome. The crowd rushed after General Grant, leaving the singers for a moment almost without an audience, but they were stopped by a squad of police, and soon returned to the court-yard, being assured that the General would appear on one of the balconies as soon as he had taken off his overcoat. When the review was finished and the divisions had disbanded, the soldiers and sailors, veterans of the rebellion, went to the Sand Lots with a field battery, and fired round after round.

After a thrilling chorus had been sung, General Grant, in response to repeated calls, appeared on the balcony of the fourth floor, bowed to the cheering crowd, and then immediately retired. Still the enthusiastic multitude waited in the court-yard and refused to leave. At length Mayor Bryant appeared and announced that as soon as General Grant had finished his dinner he would address the assemblage. In a few minutes the General appeared, amid deafening and long-continued cheers. Mayor Bryant called the crowd to order, and General Grant, mounting a chair which was passed over the heads of the crowd, was again greeted with a succession of cheers. When the noise had subsided he said:

"Fellow-Citizens of San Francisco: After twenty-five years' absence, I am glad to meet you, and assure you of my cordial thanks for the kind greeting you have given me. I shall stay in your city long enough to greet you more fully."

After this General Grant withdrew, amid tremendous and prolonged cheers, and the crowd at length dispersed, leaving the lion of the day to his much-needed repose.

A LITTLE FOOL.

"I am astonished, Eloise! after all my instructions as to what society and respectability demand of you. If you must marry and make a fool of yourself, why not marry Colonel Powell?"

"Because I do not like Colonel Powell, and because I—like some one else, Aunt Ethel."

"I never heard of such a thing. Do you know what you are saying, miss? Such talk, I can tell you, is highly improper; and as for not liking Colonel Powell, that is nonsense. Colonel Powell has everything necessary to win any woman's approbation—very old family, very fine manners, elegant residence, servants, carriage, money, and a member of Congress besides. Don't you know that you would spend the winters in Washington?"

"I declare it does not tempt me a bit."

"And I don't believe that he is a day more than fifty."

"He is seventy-five if he is an hour, and he hobbles and coughs, and is altogether dreadful. I never, never, never will marry him."

"May I ask who, then, is to have the honor of becoming my nephew?" and Miss Ethel sat stiffly down, and began to carefully re-arrange the pink satin bows on her white morning dress.

Eloise sat down opposite to her, and fingered nervously the rose-buds and ivy leaves that trimmed her garden hat. The two women were strangely alike, only one face was forty years old, white, and proud; and the other was only twenty, flushing and paling, and answering every feeling of the heart.

For some moments Eloise did not speak, and Miss Ethel Bruce did not urge her. She sat patiently looking in her niece's face, until that young lady, finding courage in her desperation, said, with a bland defiance, "The gentleman who is to have that honor, dear aunt, is Mr. Henry Torrens."

"Impossible! You would not do such a foolish thing?"

"Oh yes, I would."

"Do you know who he is?"

"He is—Harry."

"Ridiculous! Do you know who his father is?"

"No, I don't want to know him particularly. Do you know him, Aunt Ethel?"

"No. I dare say it would be very improper for me to know such a person. When we first met him last summer in the North, I don't remember that he ever named his family."

"Nor I."

"That looks very bad, Eloise. If a man has respectable relations, of course he talks about them."

"I don't see that it makes any great difference to me. I do not intend to marry Harry's relations. I do not care much about them, anyway. Once he told me that his mother was dead, and I said mine was too; and of course we felt sorry for each other, and all that. But I am afraid I am a little jealous about Harry: I would just as lief be the only person in the world who had any right to love him as not."

"You make me feel hopeless about you. Pray what do you intend to live upon?"

"Harry has two thousand dollars a year."

"Two thousand dollars a year! What a magnificent income!"

"Don't make fun of us, aunt: I can not allow that; indeed I can not. We love each other, and shall be very happy."

"Doubtless. May I ask where Mr. Torrens is employed?"

"In West & Green's law office."

"I thought he lived in New York. What brought him here?"

"How should I know?" said Eloise, blushing, and involuntarily dropping her voice.

Her aunt watched her curiously, and shook her head for answer. "Where have you seen him—for I hope you have not dared to bring him within the precincts of Bruce Place."

"He has never touched a paling of it. I met him at Aunt Kezia's; and I am sure she would have let Cousin Lizzie marry him very willingly. She thinks a great deal of Harry."

"Lizzie Bruce is different. She has five little sisters, and my brother Jake always spends twenty out of an income of nineteen. You have expectations—or at least had. I always intended, if you remained unmarried, to leave you the Bruce Place."

"Dear aunt, thank you for the intention; but I would rather have Harry. I have a little bit of money of my own, have I not?"

"About four thousand dollars; just enough to buy your wedding things, and marry you decently. For though you are going to make such a fool of yourself, I shall not show the white feather about it. I must pretend to be happy when I am wretched, and receive congratulations that will nearly choke me; but such trials are part and parcel of a woman's lot: I dare say I shall get creditably through them."

Miss Ethel rose with a proud air, but a pitifully sad face, and attempted to leave the room, but Eloise, with gentle force and many tender kisses, made her sit down again.

"Auntie," she said, coaxingly, "you have asked me a good many questions, and I have answered them truly; now I am going to ask you some, and I know you will be fair with me about them. First, were you ever in love?"

Half smiling and half sighing, Miss Ethel sat thinking over the bold question. At length she answered, slowly, and with a great deal of pathos in her voice, "Yes, Eloise; I once loved as I do not think you have the power to love. It is twenty-two years ago."

"Will you tell me about it?"

"I can not. Yes—I will try; perhaps it may show you what a waste of life it is. Wait here a few moments."

She then left the room, but soon returned with a little tortoise-shell box in her hand. It opened with a spring, and showed a few yellow letters, a bunch of withered violets, and the half of a plain gold ring. She lifted the latter, and said:

"This is part of his dead mother's wedding ring; we broke it in two, and swore solemnly over it to be faithful to the promises we had made each other. Then he sailed away from me, and I never heard from him again. For two years I suffered all the agonies of hope deferred and slighted love, and at length I had a fever that left me the colorless little ghost I have been ever since."

"Perhaps he was dead."

"No."

"Then he was a miserable creature, and I should have put him out of my heart and memory."

"Yes, I think you would, Eloise. I think, too, that it is likely you would have let some other man make a fool of you a second time. I have a different nature. I did not cease to suffer for James Early for five years, but having conquered that weakness, I never permitted myself to care for any other man."

"But you were rich and handsome. Did no one else care for you?"

Miss Ethel smiled queerly, and after a slight hesitation said, "Yes."

"Who was it, auntie?"

"Colonel Powell."

"Oh, aunt! So you wanted me to do a thing you would not do yourself."

"Yes, dear. You wanted to marry; I did not. When I was twenty years of age, if I had wanted to marry at all, I should have married for wealth and position. Colonel Powell can give his wife these advantages."

"Are you still in love with this Mr. Early's memory?"

"No, I am not. If I should meet him to-day, I do not think I should care to speak to him."

"Is he alive?"

"I suppose so. I heard of his marriage ten years ago."

"Poor auntie!"

"Don't pity me, child. I am to be congratulated. If it had not been for my dear father's opposition, I should have married for love, given my fortune and my life into the keeping of a selfish, fickle man—in fact, made just such a little fool of myself as you are about to make."

"Aunt, do you really think that Harry would forget me in a few weeks or months?"

"Of course he would."

"I will try him."

"You will act very wisely to do so. Eloise, I am glad I have told you my sad little story; it may make you at least 'look before you leap.' Where does Harry generally leave you?"

"On the little bridge outside the Place."

"Do not say 'Farewell' there. Lovers who part over running water never meet again. Give him every lawful chance. You may bring him into the park to-night."

So a few hours afterward there was a very bitter parting under the oaks in Bruce Park. Eloise was almost shocked when it was over. In her heart she had only intended to frighten Harry, but her lover had taken the proposal too seriously, and things had been said that she could not unsay. At first, indeed, Harry had laughed at Miss Ethel's doubts of him, and his laughter had provoked Eloise. She did not like the thing treated as a joke. "It was a very serious matter, and she did not see how Harry could laugh at the idea of not seeing her for eleven months."

For eleven months was the time she had fixed upon as the limit of her lover's probation. In eleven months she would be of age, and could claim her small fortune. If Harry were true to her, she would then be willing to begin life with him on four thousand dollars. Besides, she had a shrewd idea that if she humored her aunt thus far, Miss Ethel would not withdraw her favor.

Harry was indignant at all such prudential considerations. He spoke very disrespectfully of Bruce Park, and declared he would not say 'Thank you' for every acre of it, and the old wooden mansion thrown in, and that eleven months was an eternity: they might just as well say good-by forever.

Then Eloise argued that "it was very well for him to talk of living on two thousand dollars a year and each other's love. Men could get society, and have people speak decently to them, even if they could only afford one new suit in twelve months; but a woman's friends depended on the condition of her wardrobe, and she wondered if even Harry's love could stand a shabby old-fashioned dress and one-button kid gloves."

Harry "was sure she would make any dress look elegant;" and Eloise said, angrily, "He was very absurd," and thought so too. So the end of all was that Harry bade her 'Farewell' till the 5th of the following June, and that with many tears and protestations they finally began their self-imposed trial of each other's fidelity.

The next morning's paper announced the sudden "departure of Mr. Henry Torrens for New York on business of importance likely to detain him some months," and Eloise was angry enough at the information. She had hoped Harry would try again to convince her of "the folly of parting," and she was determined at this interview to be convinced.

For some weeks Miss Ethel did not have a very happy time. Eloise wandered in the park, or about the big silent house, and was not at all cheerful company. At first Harry's letters were so long and frequent that a great deal of her time was satisfactorily employed in answering

them. But by degrees they grew both shorter and less frequent, and toward the beginning of winter they stopped altogether.

The two women looked sadly in each other's face at the empty post-box every morning, and Miss Ethel had her will made during these days, and left her niece all she had, as some compensation. But yet often when she saw the sad face that had once been so bright and pretty, she half reproached herself, and wondered whether, where ignorance is bliss, if it be not folly to be wise.

One day toward spring—a bright, warm day for the season—Eloise, who had now long ceased even hoping for a letter, was walking slowly up and down the great hall dividing the large drawing-room and the late Mr. Bruce's library from the rest of the house. These rooms were very seldom opened, and still more seldom used. Eloise only remembered two or three grand occasions on which they had been used for great entertainments, the last being that which introduced her into society two years previously.

A sudden fancy seized her: she would throw back the closed blinds, and let the spring sunshine into the dark rooms. Besides, there were all kinds of curious ornaments there, and a great many books; to examine them would pleasantly pass a few hours. Miss Ethel readily agreed. She was glad to see her niece interest herself in anything that could beguile thought from the one sad, mortifying subject of her desertion.

Toward noon she went to seek Eloise. Her first glance showed her the girl sitting thoughtfully upon the hearth-rug with her lap full of letters, and queer tarnished Hindoo jewelry. She sprang up to meet her aunt, and with a strangely solemn excitement cried out:

"Oh, auntie, they are yours, all yours! I was looking at that queer cabinet, and my dress turned it over, and a piece fell out of the bottom, and these things were scattered about." Then she ran out of the room, shutting the door carefully behind her.

Poor Miss Ethel needed her privacy. Here was her lover's vindication; here were all the sweet words for which she had nearly died. He had suffered all she had suffered; he had poured out his agony and his despair in letters which had never until now reached her. The poor lady took them to her room, and never appeared again that day. But she had no hard words for the hand that had wronged her. "Dear father; he meant it for a kindness," was all that she said.

Still she grew very restless, and continually declared that she was sure something was going to happen. But coming events often cast long shadows before, and it was full two months afterward ere Miss Ethel's presentiment came true. Then she got a letter one day which threw her into a wild, feverish excitement. "Eloise," she cried, almost sobbing with joy, "he is come; he is at the village; he will be here in an hour. How am I to bear it?"

Women seek each other's sympathy in hours like this, and Eloise—perhaps with just a little pang for her own sorrow—gladly gave it. But when she joined the long-parted lovers at dusk, and saw her aunt lingering with tender cares by the handsome dark stranger at the fireside, she knew that never again would Aunt Ethel want sympathy: it was easy to see her lover was still her lover, and that they thoroughly understood the past.

Perhaps the sight of their happiness was a little irritating sometimes to Eloise. She could not help blaming her aunt in some measure for the loss of Harry, and she wondered if she ever remembered now any of her old opinions about the folly of marrying for love. Many women would have reminded her of them, but Eloise was not ill-natured; and when she saw the old lovers wandering about the gardens so happily together, she only hoped that her own blighted youth might have some such recompense given it: for such a joy it would almost be worth waiting, a little while, but not twenty-two years; that was too strong a test of fidelity.

It was not asked of her. On the morning of the 5th of June, when the dew was yet on the grass, there was a messenger to see her. He had with him an exquisite basket of white roses, and in their midst was a letter which made Eloise Bruce the happiest girl in America. And Aunt Ethel was just as delighted. "He must come here at once," she said; "they would wait breakfast for him—and he must never go away again."

Then the ladies discovered that Harry and James Early were already friends. They had met at a hotel in New York, and both having their hearts in the same little Southern town, they had speedily become confidential. And Harry was not long in getting his pardon, though his excuse might well have been considered by a less loving mistress as an aggravation of his offense.

"You see, darling," he explained between his kisses, "you wanted to test my heart, and so I thought it only fair to let you test your own also. Do you think you would remember me, if you never saw or heard from me for twenty-two years, as Aunt Ethel did that lover of hers?"

"Harry! I should remember you forever. I never, never would have married any one else, if you had staid away altogether. But indeed it was cruel to try me so bitterly."

"And how about your sending me away?"

"I won't ever do it again, Harry; and I never really wanted you to go. You ought to have known that."

A few nights afterward, as they all sat together on the moon-lit veranda, Aunt Ethel said, very tenderly, "Children, James and I will be married next Thursday, and we shall sail for Calcutta immediately. Could not the two marriages be made at once? Then, Harry, Eloise could live on at the old place, and keep it from going to destruction. It is Eloise's now; I made it over to her to-day, and Mr. Green says you are going into partnership with their firm, so I hope you will have enough to keep love from flying out of your windows."

Little more was said at the time, for Aunt Ethel persistently turned the subject, but when she came into Eloise's room to bid the new bride elect "good-night," the happy girl whispered: "Oh, aunt, how generous you have been to us! Surely Mr. Early must be very rich, to let you give us such a magnificent wedding present."

"No, dear, he is not. In fact, he is yet what he calls a struggling man. He has great ventures on hand; he may become rich, or he may lose nearly all he has made. It is something about indigo, dear, I know not what, and I don't care. I am going now wherever he goes, and I am a very, very happy woman."

Then Eloise whispered, slyly, "Auntie, do you remember saying a year ago that a girl was a little fool who married for love?"

"I remember, dear. I am wiser now, and I say if the girl is a little fool who marries for love, she who marries without it is the most foolish and wretched of women. On the whole, Eloise, I am rather proud of our good sense—eh, my darling?"

Others, however, seemed to think differently, for Lizzie Bruce, meeting her friend Selina James one morning, said, "Selina, what do you think? Harry Torrens has come back, and Cousin Eloise has actually forgiven him everything, and is going to marry him! I never would have done it. Would you?"

"Certainly I would not; but then Eloise Bruce was always—on that subject—a little fool."

MAGIC MIRRORS.

Among the most curious examples of ancient Chinese metal-work must be reckoned "magic mirrors," whose mysterious properties have puzzled even the learned and scientific for ages past. Both the Chinese and Japanese have long been famous for their mirrors, some specimens of which are to be seen in the museum of the School of Mines, in Jermyn Street, London; but it is only a small percentage which possess, as the catalogue informs us, "the very remarkable property of reflecting from their polished surface the figure which is wrought upon *the back*."

Whether Chinese or Japanese, and whether indued with this magic power or not, the bronze mirror is usually circular in shape, and from three to twelve inches in diameter, the face being highly polished, while the back is ornamented with various designs, embossed, inlaid, or engraved in the metal. So far there is nothing remarkable about it; and though very light and convenient for use at the toilet-table, it would not attract much attention; but if the mirror be a "magic" one, and held in the sunlight, with its face toward a white wall or screen, it will reflect the various designs graven on the back, which will appear either as shadows upon a light ground or as lights upon a dark ground, although no scrutiny of the polished surface, however close, will enable one to detect the smallest trace of them there. The effect is extremely startling even to an educated person, and it is hardly wonderful that the uneducated should be disposed to regard it as decidedly "uncanny." One of the few magic mirrors now in Europe belongs to Herr Senther, and is thus described by the German writer Herr Carus Sterne:

"The mirror is of yellowish bronze, the face slightly convex, and covered with a thin coating of silvery-looking metal, which is very highly polished, and reflects with the utmost distinctness every object presented to it. The handle, also of metal, is covered with bamboo; and the whole thing is so extremely light and comfortable to use that as a hand-glass it is simply perfection. The back of the mirror is covered with designs of the usual description in low relief on a roughly granulated ground, which consist of a figure in the shape of a tiger, of the famous Chinese dragon Lung, resting beneath the shade of a brier in full blossom, with a few bamboo canes growing near. Above the head of the tiger are engraved certain characters, which stand out in much bolder relief than any other part of the design, and constitute the well-known sign and symbol of the sacred dragon. To the left is a column of Chinese writing, probably a charm, or the expression of some good wish; for a bronze mirror is a very usual present, and is supposed to insure health, beauty, and happiness to the recipient. One belonging to Baron la Grange, and described by M. Stanislaus Julien, bore the words *cheou* (long life) and *fou* (happiness)."

Herr Senther's mirror, when held in the sunshine as we have described, reflects *from its polished surface* the tiger and the rest of the design with great distinctness, the figures, which it must be remembered are engraved on the *back*, appearing as bright lights on a shaded background.

The Chinese call these toys *Théou-Kouang-Kien* ("mirrors which let the light through"); and as the rare specimens which exhibit this phenomenon in perfection are worth from ten to twenty per cent. more than the others, the workmen are not at all anxious to enlighten either foreigners or even their own countrymen as to the way in which it is produced. Accordingly, there is little trustworthy information to be obtained from Chinese writers on the subject, though various theories have from time to time been advanced in explanation.

It is only quite recently that the mystery respecting them has been solved, and this perhaps because people have experimented upon the various ways in which the mirrors might be manufactured. It has been found that there are several methods by which it is possible to cause differences in the reflection from a metal surface, which shall be visible only in the reflection, and not as directly detected by the eye. It is found that designs etched, engraved, or stamped on a plate of metal, and then rubbed down and polished till they have entirely disappeared from sight, will still come out in the reflection; and a similar result has been obtained by tracing a design with transparent varnish on the back of a plate of glass. Old coins exhibit analogous appearances; and most collectors know that old worn specimens, if placed on a metal plate in the dark, and brought to a red heat, will exhibit the design and inscription which had previously become obliterated. A brass-worker who had heard Professor Pepper lecture on this subject at the Polytechnic, brought him some time afterward an imitation of a magic mirror made by himself. He had taken a plate of common brass, and stamped it with an engraved die three times in exactly the same spot, polishing it down again each time; and after the third operation the design, though not to be detected by any method of direct examination, yet came out plainly in the reflection. Both Sir David Brewster and Sir Charles Wheatstone were of opinion that the phenomenon of the magic mirror was produced in some such way as this, and that the figures on the back were merely used for the purpose of making the observer deceive himself, and had absolutely no connection with the reflection. This theory, however, is now upset by the discovery of a remarkable fact first observed by Professor Atkinson, of Japan—namely, that a mark made with a blunt nail on the back of one of these mirrors, though producing no visible effect upon the polished face, was yet reflected as a bright line on the screen when the mirror was held up in the sunshine.

Japan is, even more than China, the land of mirrors; and as mirror-worship forms part of the popular religion, and plays so important a part in the national life, it might be thought there would be little difficulty in investigating their "magic" properties. But this is not the case; for the Japanese seem to know less about magic mirrors than any one else, and are apparently ignorant as to how the effect is produced. Professor Ayrton has, however, successfully solved the mystery, and has proved by a series of experiments, too long to detail here, that the reflections are caused by certain imperceptible inequalities in the curvature of the polished surface. No *thick* mirror reflects the design on the back; not one of the many beautiful mirrors exhibited at the National Exhibition of Japan in 1877 did so in the slightest degree; yet the patterns were not less well executed than on inferior specimens; but the mirrors were far thicker, and their surfaces much less convex. On further investigation he found that in order to give the desired amount of convexity to their mirrors, the Japanese place them on a board, face uppermost, and indent the surface with a blunt iron called a "distorting rod." Several series of scratches are made in different directions, the mirror being during the operation visibly concave, though eventually becoming convex. The metal receives what is technically called a "buckle," and springs back again so as to become convex directly the pressure of the rod is removed. Naturally the thicker parts of the metal would be less impressionable than the thinner, and might even not spring back at all, but remain concave. After being polished with whetstones and charcoal, to remove all trace of the scratches, the face is finally rubbed over with a mercury amalgam.

We must confess that, even with the proof before us, it does seem marvellous that inequalities so small that the eye entirely fails to detect them should be able to cast upon the screen such sharp and clear reflections as are witnessed in a good specimen of the magic mirror, but so it undoubtedly is; and the phenomenon receives further confirmation from Professor Ayrton, who thus concludes his lecture: "It appears, then, contrary to what is commonly believed, that the magic of the Eastern mirror results from no subtle trick on the part of the maker, from no inlaying of other metals or hardening of portions by stamping, but merely arises from the natural property possessed by certain thin bronze of buckling under a bending stress, so as to remain strained in the opposite directions after the stress is removed. And this stress is applied partly by the distorting rod, and partly by the subsequent polishing, which in an exactly similar way tends to make the thinner parts more convex than the thicker." So then, as often as not, the "magic" properties which have caused so much perplexity may be, at least in Japan, the result of pure unconscious accident.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The bell-punch is generally supposed to be a modern invention, but it was evidently in use in Macbeth's time, from the fact that he says, "Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, she strike upon the bell."

"That's a poser!" replied the photographer's assistant, when questioned as to whom he had in the chair.

A girl said of her bow-legged beau that she "didn't like to waltz in brackets."

Wonder if it screamed? A sporting paper says, "The yacht came down on a tack."

An Irish crier at Ballinasloe being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the court."

Young lady, to recently married friend: "Is he all you hoped for?"

"Why, of course."

"Fine fellow, genteel?"

"More than that—elegant. He talks like a book."

"Well, when you come to volume second, send him to me."

"Prisoner, how old are you?" "Twenty-two, your honor." "Twenty-two? your papers make out that you were born twenty-three years ago." "So I was; but I spent one year in prison, and I don't count that—it was lost time."

"Chawles," languidly drawled Josephine, looking up from her book, "I see one of the new studies is trigonometry. What is trigonometry?" "Trigonometry," replied Charles, toying with an invalid mustache, "is a—a—is the science of pulling the trigger, of course." "I thought so," said Josephine, resuming her novel.

They asked a crier in one of the courts if he did not find it difficult to while away the time during the hearing of dry cases. "Oh no," was the prompt reply; "I just lean my head back, and sleep the sleep of the judge."

"That land ought to be used for a cemetery," remarked a gentleman, as the train glided by a field in which sand and stone were the principal productions. "Excellent idea," returned his friend: "nothing but the dead could ever be raised there."

If we were asked what physician stood at the top of his profession, we should say it was the gentleman who was in the habit of attending "patients on a monument."

The most remarkable of recent opinions concerning divorce (by a woman, of course): "Divorce is all very well in its way, but I prefer widowhood: it's surer."

It is a mean man who would fool a fish by wearing a white choker and clerical coat when strolling along the banks of a brook on Sunday.

A young man went into a restaurant the other day, and remarking that "time is money," added that as he had half an hour to spare, if the proprietor was willing, he'd take it out in pie.

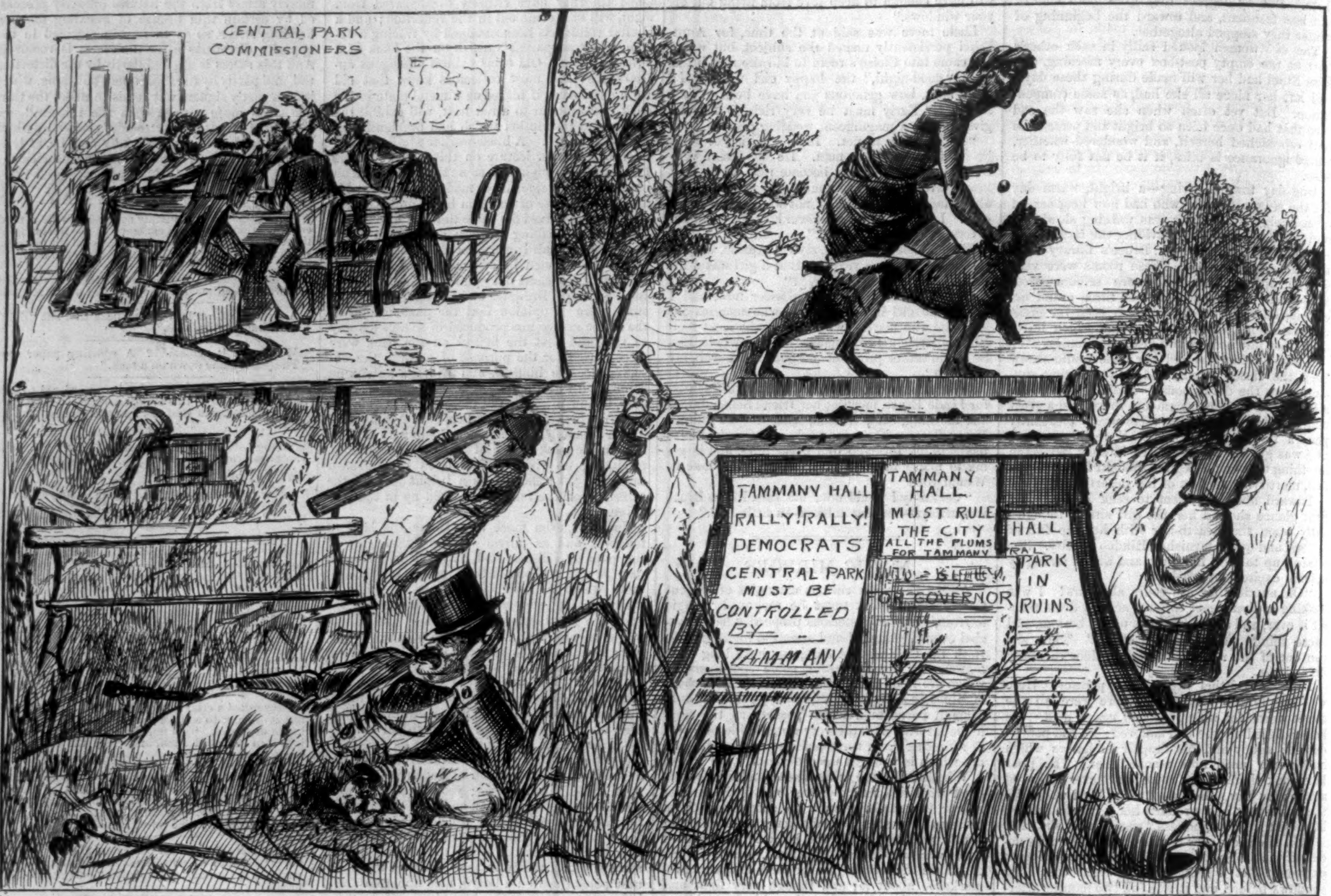
"Healthy place here?" asked a visitor who was prospecting in the neighborhood of Denver, Colorado. "Stranger, yes," was the reply; "ten years ago we had to kill two old men to get seed enough to start a cemetery."

"I am the oak; you are the vine," remarked an ardent though silly lover to his Marianne. "Let the vine, therefore, creep around the oak until it reaches the topmost leaves—" "And finds nothing there," exclaimed the heartless beauty.

A bee flew out in the sunny air
  By a boy so blithe and young,
Who laughed and screamed without a care,
  And would not hold his tongue.

The scene it changed: with sob and shriek
  The vault of heaven rung;
And homeward flew the bee so meek,
  While the small boy held his stung.

CETYWAYO (MAN FRIDAY) SUBMITS TO BRITISH ROBINSON CRUSOE.

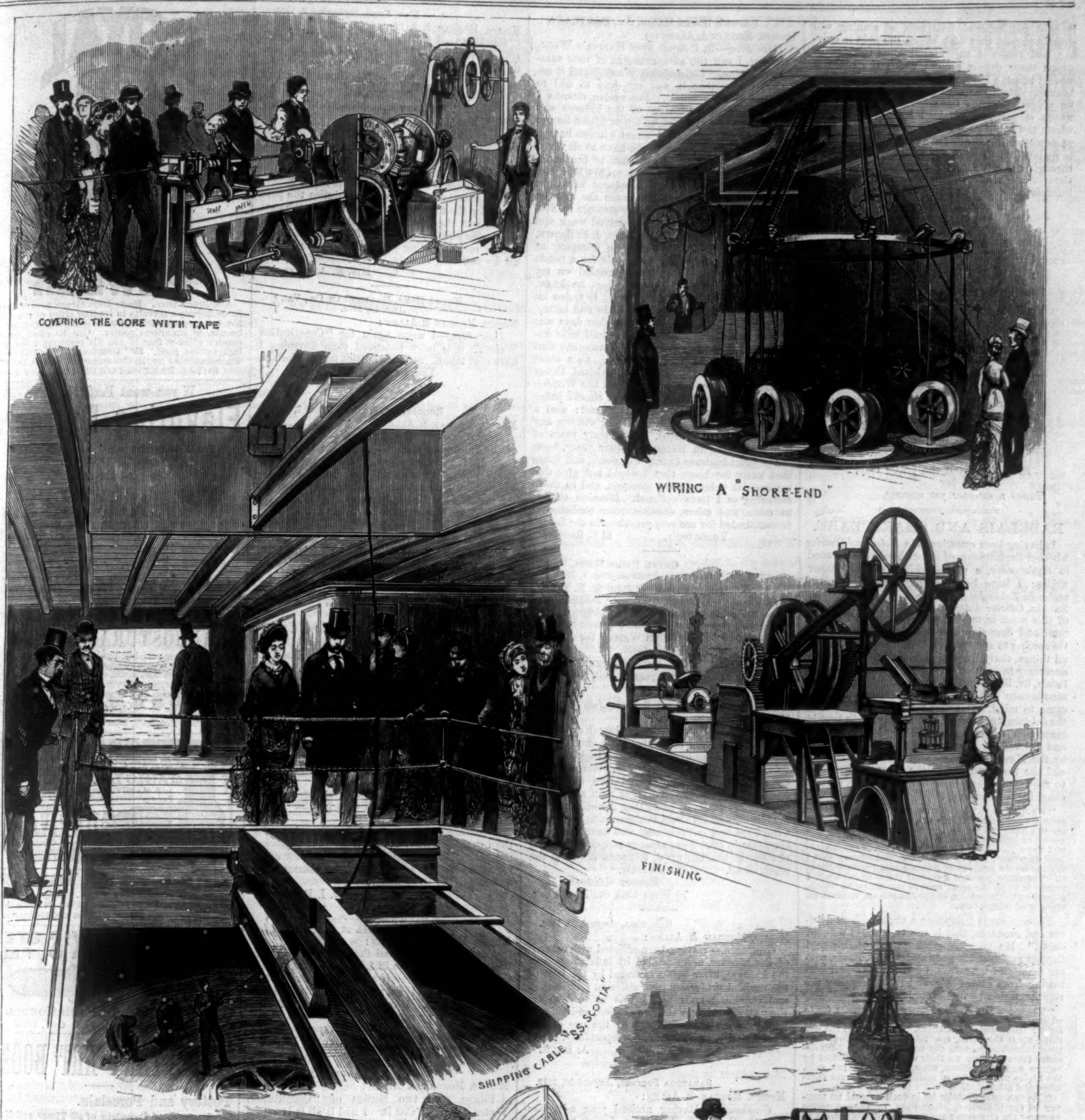


CENTRAL PARK—THE DANGERS THAT THREATEN IT.—Drawn by Thomas Worth.

CENTRAL PARK.

When the custody of the public parks of this city was taken from a non-partisan commission and placed in the hands of politicians, it was prophesied that the result would be a general deterioration in the character of all the public grounds. The worst apprehensions have been realized. This is most noticeable in Central Park. Under the old régime it was one of the most beautiful parks in the world. The walks, drives, and lawns were kept in perfect order, and every year saw new features of beauty added to its old attractions. Under political management this has all been changed. Everything suffers; lawns, drives, and walks have deteriorated. The shrubbery and the flower beds are no longer what they used to be. Beautiful trees of many years' growth have been cut down to facilitate fast driving, and this in ground where fast driving ought to be strictly prohibited. Years would be required to bring the Park back to the condition it was in when it fell into the hands of a political commission. Meanwhile the Park Commissioners expend their energies in wrangling among themselves. Perhaps this is well: if they did not, they might do more injury to the Park than it suffers by their neglect.

THE BONE THIEF—AN INDIGNANT PROTEST.—Drawn by J. N. Hess.



SUBMARINE TELEGRAPHIC CABLE CONSTRUCTION.

SUBMARINE CABLES.

Our readers will be interested in the above series of sketches, which relate to the construction and laying of the submarine cables by means of which countries separated by hundreds of miles of water are brought into direct and immediate communication.

The first operation in manufacturing such cables is to put on a covering of white tape next the core, then a metal tape laid on in the opposite direction, which, again, is covered with a tape prepared with a compound that adheres to the metal tape. This is completed by a serving of jute yarn, and the core is then ready for closing round with iron wires, which operation is shown in the drawing called "Wiring a Shore End." The cable is then passed over two tanks containing a preservative called Clark's Compound. Two coverings of strong jute tape are laid on in opposite directions, with the compound applied between each. From this it is passed into the factory cable tanks for testing, and remains under water, ready for shipment.

The coiling on board the vessel which is to lay the cable is accomplished by means of a steam hauling gear on board the ship, and as the cable comes on board it is coiled down in the same way as in the factory tanks.

The paying-out machinery is placed in the after-part of the vessel, and consists of three leading wheels, with smaller wheels riding on the top. This puts a slight retarding strain on the cable before it goes on the large drum, which is controlled by the main brakes. From this drum the cable passes under the wheel of the dynamometer, which indicates the strain on the cable, and a scale is fitted on the side so that the man on duty can see when any increase takes place, and relieve the brakes. From this it passes over a wheel outside the stern of the ship, and into the sea.

The picking-up machine is in the fore-part of the ship, and is very powerful. The drawing only shows the two strong sheaves fitted over the bow of the vessel from which the grapnel operations are performed. This machine is only used in cases when some fault in the cable requires it to be picked up and repaired, or in instances when, on account of bad weather, it is necessary to cut it and attach it to buoys. In the former case it is afterward secured by means of the grapnel.

The laying of a submarine cable is a very difficult problem, depending largely upon the proper application of mechanical principles, such as the coiling of the cable, etc., as well as the proper management of the vessel. The cable is first placed aboard ship; but in consequence of its enormous weight and rigidity, even this apparently simple operation, as well as the accurate coiling in the hold, is attended with much trouble.

After the cable has been stored on board the vessel, one end of it is secured on land, and the vessel then sails over the proposed route, which has been previously well explored and sounded. The cable is gradually uncoiled, and runs over the stern into the water, sinking to the bottom by its own weight. During this operation it is necessary to regulate the speed with which the cable

is paid out, otherwise its rate of sinking will greatly exceed that with which the ship is moving, and cause it to "kink." The speed with which these drums around which the cable is wound revolve is regulated by powerful friction brakes. The force with which the brakes must be applied depends upon the depth of the sea, which is partly ascertained by the speed with which the cable runs out, and partly by the dynamometer already alluded to. A correspondence is maintained between the vessel and main-land through the cable, and measurements of its resistance are made, which furnish the necessary information concerning its electrical condition.

A SING-SONG.

LOVE is young and Love is old
(Sing, sing, all ye that may);
Love is sad and Love is gay;
Every day
Flaming hearts are waxing cold.

Youth is weak and Youth is bold
(Sing, sing, all ye that may);
Youth for naught shall toil or play,
Sages say;
Where is Wisdom bought and sold?

Age is right and Age is wrong
(Sing, sing, all ye that may);
Honor comes when heads are gray;
Hush! away!
Something hoarse is Wisdom's tongue.

Song is old and Song is young
(Sing, sing, all ye that may);
Breathing from the poet's clay,
Every lay
Tunes a sweeter yet unsung.

RABELAIS AND SHAKSPEARE.

IT having been questioned in *Notes and Queries* whether the influence of Rabelais was to be traced in Shakspeare, a correspondent of that paper writes: I have been reading *Sentences et Proverbes du Talmud et du Midrasch*, par Moïse Schuhl, Rabbin, Officier d'Académie, 1878. The purport of this work is to give passages out of the Talmud, and correspondences ancient and modern. On coming to a proverb on the intercommunion of all things, that all the members of the body were necessary to each other, reference is made to Rabelais, liv. iii., chap. iii. On turning to it the remembrance of Shakspeare in *Timon of Athens* came to mind. Rabelais makes Panurge praise the debtors and borrowers, or rather might be said borrowers and lenders. Changed into thieves and thieved, have we not the same things said by the Timon of Shakspeare? Chap. iii. is long, and the same subject, in the same manner and to the same extent, is carried on in chap. iv. In chap. iii. Panurge says:

"Well, to go yet further on, and possibly worse in your conceit, may St. Babolin, the good saint, snatch me if I have not all my lifetime held debt to be as a union or conjunction of the heavens with the earth, and the whole cement whereby the race of mankind is kept together; yea, of such virtue and efficacy that I say the whole progeny of Adam would perish without it. Therefore perhaps I do not think amiss when I repute it to be the great soul of the universe, which, according to the opinion of the Academics, vivifieth all manner of things," etc.

Panurge says: "Suppose a world without debtors and creditors, that is to say, a world without debts." He goes on enumerating what would happen amongst the gods and constellations, who are maintained, he says, by lending to and borrowing from each other, and then, dropping the representation by divinities, he says:

"The moon will remain bloody and obscure; for to what end should the sun impart unto her any of his light? He owed her nothing. Nor yet will the sun shine upon the earth, nor the stars send down any good influence, because the terrestrial globe hath desisted from sending up their wonted nourishment by vapors and exhalations, wherewith Heraclitus said, the Stoics proved, Cicero maintained, they were cherished and alimented.

"There would likewise be in such a world no manner of symbolization, alternation, or transmutation amongst the elements; for the one will not esteem itself obliged to the other, as having borrowed nothing at all from it. Earth, then, will not become water; water will not be changed into air; of air will be made no fire; and fire will afford no heat unto the earth," etc.

And what is a curious coincidence between Rabelais and Shakspeare, and would suggest at least that they might have had some common source, if Shakspeare did not take from Rabelais, is that a little further on Rabelais mentions "Timon the Athenian, the hater of mankind." Act iv., scene 3, Timon says to Alcibiades:

"I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind....
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of."

The speech of Timon to the banditti is most to the purpose, where he gives gold to thieves, and tells them to practice robbery as all professions do and nature shows:

"I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief."

The whole of the two chapters should be read to see the likenesses between the authors. In Rabelais there is constant allusion to the man the microcosm, which is in Shakspeare, *Coriolanus*, Act ii., scene 1, "The map of my microcosm." The introduction of Collier to *Timon* mentions many sources from whence Shakspeare may have drawn his play, Plutarch, Lucian, etc. Collier says that the story of Timon greatly attracted the attention of the sixteenth century, and there was a play of *Timon* before that of Shakspeare.

Rabelais was introduced to the English public at an early date: a version of the history of Gargantua appeared not many years after the author's death. Shakspeare, therefore, had probably seen it.

BROWN'S HOTEL, MACON, GA., *Sept.* 21, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Dear Sirs,—In looking over HARPER'S WEEKLY paper, I saw the advertisement of your valuable medicine, "Constitution Water," and it occurred to me that it was my duty to add to your list of testimonials. For twelve months I suffered with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder; no rest at night, up ten or fifteen times; could not walk across the street without having palpitation of the heart, would have to sit down and rest before I could get back to the hotel. Last May I was obliged to give up my business, that of hotel keeper. I was reduced in weight forty pounds. In August I made the trip by steamer to New York, thence by steamer to New London, Connecticut, where I arrived weak and very much debilitated. My brother, J. F. BROWN, President of Brown's Cotton Gin Company at New London, sent to the druggist's for a bottle of "Constitution Water," and insisted on my taking it, saying that he, and others he knew, had been troubled the same way. It seems incredible, but in two days I began to feel better, my appetite improving, and in a few days was able to walk up to the town, some half mile distant, without getting wearied, or having any fluttering or palpitation of the heart. In a short time I returned to New York—visited Coney Island, of course, and walked from the Wooden Pier to the Iron Pier, a distance I should judge of nearly one mile, through the sand; also a long distance through Central Park without any inconvenience or distress. I am sixty years of age, have lived in Macon fifty-four years, been in the hotel business twenty-five years, and those that know me know that I would not give this testimonial unless it was due you, and to those suffering as I have suffered. Diseases similar to mine and other diseases your medicine is recommended for are very prevalent in the South.
Yours truly, E. E. BROWN.

GRAND UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA SPRINGS, *Aug.* 1, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St. N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—One bottle of your medicine has cured me of inflammation of the kidneys. Enclosed find one dollar, for which please send me one bottle of "Constitution Water" for a friend.
Yours truly,
JOHN MCCORMICK,
Union Square Hotel, New York.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *July* 30, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I consider it a duty I owe mankind to inform you of the benefit I have derived since last Sunday evening, when I took my first 40 drops of "Constitution Water," recommended by a friend, it having cured him of kidney trouble. I have suffered great pain across the small of my back, so acute that it would awaken me out of a sound sleep, but thanks to your medicine I am now entirely well, and have not taken six doses in all. Your remedy is well worth $10 per bottle, but the price, $1, puts it within the reach of all.
Yours truly,
ROBERT CATHCART,
70 West 19th St., New York.

SARATOGA, *August* 20, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—Having been afflicted with catarrh of the bladder, accompanied by inflammation of the kidneys, after being attended by the best of the medical profession (five different physicians), and obtaining no relief, I was induced to try the "Constitution Water," so called, and am now happy to say entirely cured by the use of less than a bottle. Yours very respectfully,
A. DAVIS.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *August* 20, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—Having noticed your advertisement in the *Daily Saratogian*, I wish to add to your list of testimonials my own. Thirteen years ago I was sick with Bright's Disease for eight months without receiving the slightest benefit from the doctors. Fortunately my attention was called to your medicine, "Constitution Water," and after using two bottles I was entirely cured. Any one afflicted in like manner should not hesitate to use your remedy. I should be happy to see any one on the subject who is in doubt as to the truthfulness of this statement.
Yours truly, L. R. CUSHING.

BATTLEBORO, NASH CO., N. C., *July* 8, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find P. O. order for $2, for which please send to W. H. TREVETHAN at this office two bottles of "Constitution Water." Mr. TREVETHAN begs me to say to you that it has almost made a complete cure of his wife, that her physician pronounced incurable, of Bright's disease of the kidneys.
Very truly yours,
W. C. WELLS.

BATTLEBORO, *Sept.* 17, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.:

Dear Sirs,—It affords me great pleasure to inform you of the wonderful cure your "Constitution Water" has wrought upon my wife. Her doctor had pronounced her incurable of Bright's disease of the kidneys, but, thanks to you, she is as well to-day as she ever was in her life. She says she is certain if it had not been for your medicine she would have been dead before this time, and truly hopes that all who suffer with Bright's kidney disease will try your "Constitution Water" before they wait too long; wishing you many happy years, and that your medicine may reach every sufferer, I am, Sirs, very respectfully yours, WILLIAM A. TREVATHAN.

NEW YORK, *September* 9, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I am happy to inform you that I am now entirely well, having used only one bottle of "Constitution Water." Yours truly,
BUDD DOBLE.

PLEASANT HILL, MISS., *July* 5, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

I pray God that you may be spared many years to relieve others as you have me and my child. I have been taking medicine, almost daily, for thirteen years with scarcely any benefit, until the "Constitution Water" was brought to my notice. I have attended to my household duties the past week, for the first time in three months, the past month was the first month that I have escaped my severe sick head-spells. I take great pleasure in recommending "Constitution Water" to all my suffering friends. Very respectfully,
MRS. M. A. STATEN.

MOUNT HOME, ROCKINGHAM CO., VA., *Aug.* 13, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Dear Sirs,—I write again for "Constitution Water;" it is more beneficial than anything I have ever taken. Send six bottles for five dollars.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. MARY MILLER.

ROCKBRIDGE, ILLINOIS, *June* 7, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed we send you testimonial of the efficacy of your "Constitution Water" by Hon. J. M. P. WASHBURNE, of this State—extensively known throughout the United States—which you are at perfect liberty to publish for the benefit of suffering humanity.
Yours respectfully, J. KEELY & CO.

MESSRS. J. KEELY & CO.:

Sirs,—The "Constitution Water" I bought of you is a good medicine, and I cheerfully recommend it to those afflicted with the diseases it is intended to cure. Respectfully yours,
J. M. P. WASHBURNE.

THOMAS STATION, MINN., *Aug.* 9, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Dear Sirs,—Last Sabbath I was at Fond du Lac and called on Mr. W. M. CARLTON. I was surprised to find him so much improved; he told me that your medicine, "Constitution Water," had been the means of doing it. It has been the belief of every physician knowing of his case that there was no help for him.
Yours respectfully,
S. ASHLEY, JR.,
Agent St. Paul & Duluth R. R.

NEW YORK, *June* 17, 1879. 311 East 74th St.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I thank you from all my heart for the benefit I have received from your medicine, the "Constitution Water." It has entirely cured me of my disease of long standing inflammation and catarrh of the bladder.
Very truly yours, REV. I. P. FEIGL.

BAY PORT, MIDDLESEX CO., VA., *March* 25, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Gentlemen,—I received the bottle of "Constitution Water" on the 22d, and after taking five or six doses I felt such a change in my system that I am more than pleased with it. Father wants a bottle. I enclose the money for it. Please send it by return express.
I remain yours, very respectfully,
GEO. E. MASON.

GASTON, NORTH CAROLINA, *April* 4, 1879.
MESSRS. MORGAN & ALLEN:

Please send two bottles of "Constitution Water," marked C.O.D. I find it all it is represented to be. Yours respectfully,
W. R. VALENTINE.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician.

For Sale by all Druggists.—[*Com.*]

THE pleasure of bathing is greatly increased by mixing in the tub half or even a quarter of a bottle of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water. Instantly the whole atmosphere of the bath-room is as fragrant as a blooming flower-garden, the mind becomes buoyant, and the body emerges refreshed and strengthened.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*,
LONDON, ENG.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely pure. Made from Grape Cream Tartar. Housekeeper's favorite in leading cities of the world. No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ills resulting from heavy indigestible food. ☞ Commended for purity and wholesomeness by the Government Chemist, Dr. Mott.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

If you want Perfectly Pure
Flavoring Extracts,
Full Weight and Strength, elegantly put up,
ASK FOR
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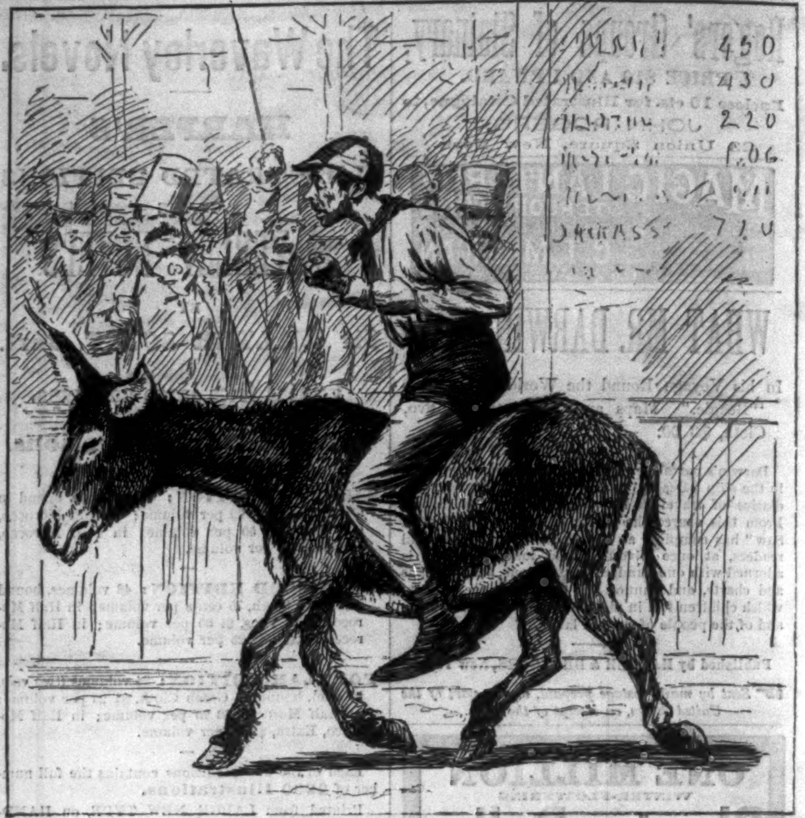

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MEISSONIER.

COMPARED with other painters even more celebrated, MEISSONIER is an exceptional and exceedingly interesting artist. One of his fellow-countrymen, in writing of him, says: "There is veritably a curious charm in studying, a delicate and real pleasure in bringing to light, the secrets, the processes, and also the intentions of this remarkable artist, who succeeds constantly, when the great majority succeed only by good fortune. Moreover, and beyond any doubt, a profound and scrupulous analysis of his talent would carry with it a useful lesson."

MEISSONIER is perhaps the most conscientious painter of our modern school. Few have ever loved art and followed it with more ardor toward material perfection and moral truth. Induced by natural preference to give special study to isolated figures, he succeeds marvellously in placing upon the countenance of his subject the exact expression he desires to reproduce. Thus in his works, notwithstanding the importance of the accessory portions, however striking or magnificent they may be, the impression made by the principal figure is never overshadowed or detracted from. The first place is given to the subject which at the first glance attracts all the attention. When the curiosity of the spectator is amply satisfied in regard to this, and not until it is thus satisfied, does the eye pass to the other portions of the picture. By this characteristic, MEISSONIER at once places himself in advance of Dutch genre painters, who are apt to occupy themselves with accessories, to the detriment of their main theme.

MEISSONIER owes nothing to the influence of any modern school. Born at Lyons in 1811, and member of a family in straitened means, he was compelled in his youth to struggle with the most severe difficulties. About 1830 he repaired to Paris to study painting, having formed a taste for art, and indeed conceived many new and original ideas concerning it from the pictures with which he had made acquaintance in his native city. In order to live, it is said that he executed, in company with DAUBIGNY, pictures for which he was paid at so much the square meter. These, however, were for exportation, and not intended to bear comparison with the great works of art that abound in the French capital. TONY JOHANNOT, whom he visited one day, was struck with the peculiarities of his method in painting, and encouraged him to persevere in his studies. Finally, LÉON COGNIET admitted him among the number of his pupils, and MEISSONIER made, under the instruction of this master, exceedingly rapid progress. Endowed with a peculiar talent, he adopted an unusual method.

MEISSONIER'S plan was to produce pictures of very small dimensions, recalling, by the correctness of the figures, the fineness and delicacy of touch, the precision of details, and the extraordinary care in execution, the works of TERBURG, VAN OSTADE, and of MIERIS. After having produced several pictures, among others "The Little Halberdier," he exhibited his works publicly, sending to the Parisian Salon in 1836 "The Chess-Player" and "The Little Messenger." These immediately attracted the attention of the critics, and laid the foundation of a great reputation. From this time until 1855, when he is said to have attained the height of his fame, his talent did not cease to develop. Even the acquirement of fortune and celebrity did not prevent MEISSONIER from giving to his microscopic works the same care and the same exquisite finish that formed the distinguishing features of his earlier productions. It is said of him that "he knows how to portray figures and faces with such fidelity that one seems to hear what the personages are saying. One divines their characters, their passions, their manners, their eccentricities; one is ready to believe that one has lived with them."

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, one of MEISSONIER'S most admiring but at the same time just and discriminating critics, says of him: "MEISSONIER may be named in his own line after INGRES, DELACROIX, and DECAMPS. He has his originality and his secret; that which he has wished to do, he has done completely. He possesses the serious qualities of a true painter—the color, the fineness of touch, and the perfection of rendering. All takes a value under his pencil, and becomes animated with that mysterious art-life which expresses itself as well in a counter-bass, a bottle, a chair, as in the human face. How well he knows how to choose the desk, the tabouret, the piece of music, the book, the table, according to the figure which he represents! What a harmony between the accessories and the personages! and what a penetrating impression of the scene or the epoch is obtained without effort! In genre, where one is too often obliged to content himself with the accuracy and the patience of the execution, he has given us the severity of design, the force of color, and the fidelity to truth of a master. The only faults which one can bring home to him are that he in general takes his points of perspective too close, and neglects to make the atmosphere about his personages sufficiently humid; this produces disagreeable ascending lines, and brings the background forward. But by how many merits are not these light faults compensated! What perfect care, what a fastidious conscience, what incessant work! When a picture comes from the hands of MEISSONIER, one may be sure that he has done his best, and can accomplish no more. In fact, the work can always defy the eye-glass of the most critical amateur, and take its place tranquilly on the wall between the most rare and precious productions of the masters."

An attempt to give anything like a list or description of MEISSONIER'S paintings would require far too much space, as he is a most industrious worker, and has produced a large number of exquisite pictures. The subjects are varied, and range from gay to grave, and even religious. His military pictures are perhaps the rarest achievements of his genius. Our readers will remember the famous work for which Mr. A. T. STEWART, shortly before his death, paid the immense sum of $60,000. It was called by the artist "1807," and has been frequently spoken of as "A Charge of Cuirassiers"—a very inappropriate and incorrect title. In reality the painting is the result of the imbittered feelings of the great French artist, imprisoned in his atelier during the siege of Paris, and the title he gave it was expressive of his anger and emotion against the Germans. The history of this remarkable work from the time of its first conception is exceedingly interesting. In the early part of 1870 MEISSONIER bethought himself of recalling to Europe, through the magic of his art, the era of 1807, when the French had triumphed with splendid victories over the German hosts. Conscious of his ability in a certain line, and his weakness in another, he did not attempt a battle piece, but at the same time chose a subject which should recall a moment of bitter military humiliation to the Germans. This was connected with the battle of Friedland, the painting depicting the enthusiasm of the French cuirassiers when, at the review that took place the day after the conflict, they galloped past the Emperor and his brilliant staff. Patriotism inspired MEISSONIER with the determination to make this his greatest picture, and the canvas he chose was eight feet long by five wide. The enthusiasm with which he worked, combined with the marvellous dexterity of his hand, gave such promise of singular excellence to the preliminary sketch that the picture was already a subject of conversation in artistic circles before the first line was drawn. At this time there was detained in Paris by the siege Sir RICHARD WALLACE, of England, a well-known connoisseur in art. This nobleman became one of the most enthusiastic admirers of the picture, which as yet was nothing more than a rough sketch. He asked MEISSONIER his price, and the artist demanded 200,000 francs in gold, or about $40,000, one-half of which was to be paid down in advance. The terms were accepted, the money was paid, and MEISSONIER began to paint. Those who had the privilege of seeing the picture in its immaturity were charmed, and did not hesitate to pronounce it the crowning work of the artist's life. In the sixth year it was completed; and MEISSONIER, feeling that he had far excelled what he proposed to do when he made the bargain with Sir RICHARD WALLACE, wrote to him that he thought he ought to receive another hundred thousand francs. This the nobleman refused to give, and when MEISSONIER insisted, he resigned the picture, which was at once sold to Mr. STEWART. There was some feeling in England about the matter; but the blame, if there be any, must rest upon MEISSONIER, and can not in any way be thrown upon the American merchant.

MEISSONIER'S genius for reproducing likenesses is by no means the least part of his endowments as an artist. The fact of his study for the great work which has the French statesman and hero THIERS for a subject having been made after the death of the latter in no way interferes with the perfection of the portrait. This work is said to have been the cause of a difficulty between MEISSONIER and his famous pupil DÉTAILLE. VIBERT conceived the idea of painting an apotheosis of THIERS for the recent Exposition. As there are many bodies of soldiers, great squadrons moving hither and thither in the various episodes of this remarkable apotheosis, VIBERT asked his friend DÉTAILLE to paint the picture with him, for DÉTAILLE is, as every one knows, especially capable in all military subjects. So DÉTAILLE and VIBERT worked weeks and weeks together over the study. When the whole subject was in, DÉTAILLE told VIBERT that he wished to ask his master MEISSONIER to come and look at it before going further. But when DÉTAILLE went to MEISSONIER, he found the droll little master in a high and vaulting rage. He accused DÉTAILLE of ingratitude; claimed as his sole right the painting of the apotheosis of M. THIERS; Madame THIERS had sent for him to take the study after death of the great French statesman; DÉTAILLE ought to know that he (MEISSONIER) intended to paint an important picture on the subject, etc. *Bref*, as the French say, MEISSONIER stormed to such a degree that DÉTAILLE, who is one of the most gentlemanlike, charming young men, refused to go on with the picture with VIBERT, and the peppery little MEISSONIER was then appeased.

In personal appearance MEISSONIER is a small but exceedingly eager and animated old gentleman of sixty-eight, with numberless eccentricities of dress and manner. The following interesting paragraph in regard to the great artist's costume and habits of work we quote from a letter written by Miss ANNE BREWSTER to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*: "When we reached Poissy we walked to the house of MEISSONIER. The servant at the garden gate told us we would find the master down in the garden at work. We entered a spacious but simple garden, and walked under vine arbors some distance. On the left we saw the artist's fine stables and harness-rooms; in the background extended the shady grounds. At the end of the walk we saw a horse mounted by a trooper in full uniform, with steel cuirass and helmet, posing for the artist. Two men were busily occupied in keeping the flies off the horse's legs, so that he should not stamp or stir. Then we saw the easel, and behind it the little great painter, who presented a droll aspect. Behind him again stood a tall young man, and the disproportion between them was so great that MEISSONIER looked as if he were sitting down. MEISSONIER is quite under size. You can see an excellent portrait of him in DÉTAILLE'S fine picture 'Le Regiment qui passe,' at the Corcoran Gallery at Washington—a short, stout man, with long beard, hat on, hands in his pockets, crooked legs with knock-knees—in the right-hand corner of the picture.

"On the day I saw him he had on his atelier costume; a brown velveteen coat, light riding breeches, cavalry boots, and a broad-brimmed felt hat. It is impossible to describe the droll effect of those funny little crooked legs, with the wee little cavalry boots. How straight he stood! Almost on tiptoe! And how important he looked! He is proud of his crooked legs, for he thinks they look like those of a cavalry officer, and he has brought himself, by dint of painting so many military pictures, so many reviews, cavalry charges, and great army spectacles, to believe that he is a second NAPOLEON. There are some wonderfully clever caricatures of MEISSONIER dressed up as the First Emperor, by ZAMACOIS, in Mr. WILLIAM STEWART'S delightful collection of MS. letters written by celebrated artists to him—Mr. STEWART, of Paris, I mean, originally our townsman, whose private gallery is one of the many great attractions to an art tourist in Paris. When FORTUNY was painting the 'Cavalry Officer' for Mr. STEWART, he was wishing for a model. MEISSONIER, who was fond of the gifted young Spanish artist, said, good-humoredly, "Come out to Poissy some day. I'll pose for you; my legs will be just your affair.'

JEAN LOUIS ERNST MEISSONIER.

"FORTUNY went, and thus there is another portrait, by a great artist, of the funny little man; but he is represented as much taller than he is in life, in FORTUNY'S picture. MEISSONIER has now a long gray beard and whiskers. His pose is to be a fierce, cold, cruel military autocrat; but as he has very soft mild eyes, and a face that ought to be *bon enfant*, this assumption of military hauteur is amusing. There is something very *malin*, it is true, in his eyes, but it is that *méchanceté* of *un enfant gâté*.

"After receiving us, and regretting that most of his works were in his Paris house on the Boulevard Malesherbes, he asked the tall, pleasant-looking young gentlemen standing behind him to take us into the garden atelier, saying, 'Il y a peu de choses;' then resumed his painting, with an apology, saying he did not wish to lose the light. As my companions entered the studio, I remained outside an instant or two to look at the droll little great man at his work. His back was toward me, and I was two or three feet from him, so he was quite unconscious of my survey. It seemed strange to see so truly a great artist such a *poseur*. His attitude, his costume, the immense hat, the funny little crooked legs, the comical wee cavalry boots with high heels, were intensely ludicrous. He painted away with a will, as if he had forgotten our existence, and as if he were directing a vast army."

Besides the medals that he has received at various exhibitions at the Salon and elsewhere, MEISSONIER obtained in 1845 the cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, a grand medal at the Exposition Universelle of 1856, the cross of Officer in 1856, and that of Commander in 1867. MEISSONIER, it would appear, is also a patriot as well as a great artist. After the revolution of the 4th of September, 1870, he solicited a position as Préfet of the Government of Defense. Elected member of the Committee on Painting for the Salon of 1870, he pronounced with singular severity against the pictures presented by M. COURBET, who had been condemned by the council of war to six months' imprisonment as a member of the Commune.

GOLDEN-ROD:

An Idyl of Mount Desert.

CHAPTER I.

IT was at one of the "Patriarchs'" balls at Delmonico's, two seasons ago, that Erskine first saw the woman destined to reign upon the empty throne of his affections.

He had been poor, proud, and studious during many years of his college life and subsequent career at the New York bar, had abjured society as far too expensive a luxury, and with the exception of dining occasionally with two or three warm friends, who would not take "no" for an answer, went nowhere.

The windfall of an unexpected inheritance, leading to a summer run over the European continent, where he fell into the hands of Mrs. Pratt

(Polly Pratt, I am ashamed to say, she is commonly called by her followers), extracted him from his seclusion as cleanly as a nut kernel from its shell. Mrs. Pratt has a way with her that no one can resist, and the two or three fashionable New York girls in her train fell upon this "new" man with the rapture that inspired Columbus when he first saw the coast-line of the New World detached from the waste of waters. Erskine was whizzed through Switzerland and Germany with lightning speed, and taken to see the midnight sun in company with all these gay, gossiping people, who flattered him so delicately, that, only in the most imperceptible way, he awoke one morning to find himself a desirable, fresh from the mint, and ready to put into immediate circulation in the society of the great Western metropolis.

When they all met again, in December, in New York, Erskine was more and more filled with surprise that he had not long ago found out how very nice it is to dine, day after day, with charming, well-bred people, in houses that are a dream of decorative art; to drop in at one or two clubs, and chat with fellows who are ever ready to "put you up to anything;" to ride up the Avenue and through the Park, past long lines of elegant equipages, whence gay nods and wooing smiles are bestowed in quick succession.

To blasées women and responsive girls this man was a Heaven-send, with his erect figure, his warm coloring, his clear eye, his look of active manhood and strong intelligence. Then, too, while conscious of his success, he had the rare grace to be modest in his hour of triumph. As yet the insufferable airs of some young Knickerbockers had not invaded him. Perhaps it was a relic of barbarism that made him laugh naturally, walk with a spring in his step, treat women with an old-fashioned chivalrous courtesy, and deal with young girls in thought and speech as with a sister.

Not one of all these brilliant women of the world whom he had met had as yet had power to quicken his pulses, until one evening, at the February ball I speak of, he saw Rosalie Gray leave her seat upon the dais, where she was languidly talking to an effusive old dowager, and laying her hand upon some man's coat sleeve with the coldest touch imaginable, go out to join the dance. She had refused to dance in the cotillion, and it was apparently to supplant one reign of boredom by another that she made this move.

Erskine stood gazing after her divine form, draped in white, with a glitter like that of the snow in moonlight, her marble bust rising and falling tranquilly under a circlet of diamonds, her proud head undecked, save by a few jewelled stars. He was quite too recent a recruit to the privileged ranks of the Patriarchs to know that she was the best-dressed woman in the room. It was left to little Watson Webster at his elbow to appraise her gown, to affix the great maker's name, to reckon up the value of her gems, to speculate as to who had sent her the two bouquets she carried—one of royal red Jacqueminot roses, the other of

> "naiad-like lilies of the vale,
> Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
> That the light of their tremulous bells is seen
> Through their pavilions of tender green."

Erskine saw her lend herself haughtily to the arm of her *danseur*, and melt away into the throng, with an insane jealousy of the puppy who dared invade this goddess by a touch. Eagerly did his eyes follow her perfect grace, and all the while Watson Webster continued to babble in his ear unweariedly.

Watson is the most industrious of quidnuncs, and a more useful small personage to society it would be difficult to find. He is kind and gracious to all the débutantes, and hand in glove with all the dowagers. He fancies that half of them are secretly in love with him, but, like Mr. Snevellicci, he is catholic in his admirations, and says, "I love 'em, every one." While Watson stands, with his little cock-sparrow air and his eyeglass, talking of fifty things, poor moon-struck Erskine, losing sight of his beauty as she passes out under the soft pink-shaded lamps into another room, turns upon him with a gasp.

"Who is she?" he asks, as if there was but one "divinest she" in all this throng.

"Oh, really, now, my dear fellow!" remonstrates Mr. Webster, with a puzzled air; and when Erskine makes him understand, he speaks relentingly. "Oh, that, indeed! Well, I'm not surprised, as you are just beginning among us, and she keeps to herself awfully. That's Mrs. Gaspar Gray, a widow, who has been in Europe, mending her broken heart, as we Americans always do, for several years. People are making no end of fuss over her this season, but somehow or other I don't seem to get on with her. That grand sort of creature is all very well, you know, but to my taste a woman should be 'simpatica;' that's it—'simpatica,' you know."

Watson was quite delighted with himself for finding so elegant a phrase, and went on cheerfully:

"She made an immense success in London last spring, and at Newport this summer, when she came back. She has a beautiful house in —— Street, but don't take the trouble to entertain much. Now dinners, for instance. A widow ought, in my opinion, to lay herself out on dinners. It is her mission in life, according to my idea. As far as you are concerned, I don't see how you are to get the entrée there, because, for one thing, you are handicapped by that Pratt set. Mrs. Gaspar Gray sits on that kind of thing awfully. I advise you to be very careful, my dear fellow, about that kind of thing. You can't be too particular to know *just* the right sort of people at the start, and stick to them."

Little Watson was so plaintive in his admonitions that Erskine laughed outright. To him the spectacle of these society men, so decorous, so languid, so anxious to step neither to the right nor to the left of the chalk line described for the division of their "set" from the next, so terribly in earnest about it all, was infinitely diverting.

When he made his way into the supper-room, it was to be hailed by Mrs. Pratt, who, in a gown all pink and blue, with roses, like a Dresden *figurine*, had taken possession of a table in company with two or three fast girls and men. This little lady is in her element when reigning over a supper table at a ball. She has a talent for venturing to the verge and not falling over that is quite unparalleled, but being well-born, rich, and supplied with a most complaisant husband, is in the front rank of good society. With Erskine she had always been endlessly good-natured, sisterly, and on her guard. To-night he felt as if he hardly knew her for the same woman. She drew aside her gauzy clouds of blue and rose-color, calling him to sit by her; she had a bottle of Champagne in her hand, and filled from it a goblet, which she held to Erskine's lips, and a fire of raillery arose from all the gay party, which, so far from exhilarating him, excited the profoundest gloom.

At the very moment when he was thus coldly captive, Mrs. Gaspar Gray, with a distinguished-looking gray-haired gentleman for her cavalier, than whom there is no one more honored in the community, whose word is law in all matters of social observance, passed them by. Her dress brushed Erskine, and a floating fringe caught and was fixed upon the button of his coat. He sprang to his feet and endeavored to aid her in withdrawing it; Mrs. Pratt also, transformed into a busy ingenuous fairy, proffering her services. It was curious to note the look upon Rosalie Gray's face as she calmly repelled the advances of Mrs. Pratt's coterie. Had they been disembodied spirits, she could not have looked *through* them more completely. But when the link binding her to Erskine refused to break, and some one was searching for a penknife to cut the Gordian knot, the horror of a scene, and in such company, overcame Mrs. Gray so far as to bring a flush to her features, like the rosy sunrise on Mont Blanc. Erskine could hardly tell whether she even noticed him, as she stood there erect, with her proudly poised head and delicately curved nostrils, impatient to be gone. For one moment their eyes met, as he bowed low, and she swept away.

For the rest of the evening Erskine was on thorns. He watched her surrounded by men, and with resentment observed that she danced twice again—once with the Vicomte de Marsac, a Frenchman of distinction on his American travels; once with Mr. Vernon, a statuesque creature contributed to the evening's entertainment by her Majesty's legation at Washington, which was supposed to claim the right to his valuable services at other times.

In vain did Mrs. Pratt resume her winning courtesies. Erskine felt unconquerably oppressed by her, and by everything. He haunted the corridor, and when a tall figure draped in a white and gold wrap went down the stairs, again attended by the gentleman who took her to the supper-room, Erskine, with Ulster on and hat in hand, found his way to the lower landing. Fate favored him, for just as Mr. A——, whom he knew, reached the last step, he slipped, and twisted his foot, making it necessary at least to be assisted to a seat. Erskine's offer of service to him was courteously declined, but as the door opened and "Mrs. Gaspar Gray's carriage," was loudly announced, her footman appearing outside, Mr. A—— said, hurriedly,

"Put Mrs. Gray in the carriage for me, Erskine, will you? I shall be all right in ten minutes, I assure you, Mrs. Gray. A thousand thanks for your solicitude. Oh! I beg your pardon. May I introduce to you my friend Mr. Erskine—Mrs. Gaspar Gray?"

It was done: for a moment her gloved fingers touched his hand. She entered her carriage, the footman closed the door; there was a cool conventional murmur of "thanks" bestowed upon poor Erskine, with hardly a glance toward him, as the little brougham, crowded in the line, drove off rapidly, leaving him with the vision of a clear-cut face looking out of the white and gold draperies, and a waft of odor from the roses and lilies in her hand that will haunt him all his life.

And then, as it often happens we meet people once whom we have never seen before, and go on meeting them pertinaciously, Erskine encountered Rosalie Gray within two days after that. He was behind time at a large dinner party, and reached the drawing-room only to be assigned to a pretty young girl of the period, so confident of her own powers, and so full of easy talk, that during two hours he abandoned the thought of any possible exertion other than that necessary to the consideration of Mrs. Lyle's perfect *menu*.

"This has been such a gay season, you can't think," Miss Amy North was saying in his ear, while addicting herself with the frank gourmandise of girlhood to a *bouchée à la reine*, "this is my tenth large dinner, and I have been to fourteen lunches already. I can't count the dances and little things, and as to afternoon teas, they are a nuisance; don't you think so? I never saw you at an afternoon tea, by-the-way. I think they are just a sort of an apology for people who don't know how to entertain, getting Robinson to send cards to everybody they know, giving them bread and milk all around, and then patting them on the head, and telling them to run home early and go to bed, like good children."

"A sort of a curfew bell for society?" Erskine said, laughing at her strictures. "I don't see how you accomplish anything else but winging your way from one flower to another in such a life as this."

"Oh, I haven't told you half," said Miss Amy, with disdain. "Why, all the girls in my set do a great deal more than that. We have a Shakspeare class, and a German class, and a literature class. Then we go to draw at the Art League, and to do crewel-work at the Decorative Art Society. Then we must go to that dear Theodore Thomas's concerts, you know, and I have my singing twice a week with Herr Bayreuth. What with the theatre now and then—it's so nice to go to Wallack's, and there is always something melodramatic for you to cry over (if you can, but I *can't*) at the Union Square—and lots of other things, one's time is pretty well taken up."

"How much I should value that portion of it you are bestowing now upon me!"

"Oh, I like to talk to you," was the consoling rejoinder. "The truth is, my brother-in-law, Frank Thornton, and Gracie (that's his wife, my sister, you know) had made such a swan of you, before I ever met you, that I was rather inclined to think you horrid. You know how you feel about those people in Sunday-school books who *love* to take their medicine, and *want* to die early, and all that sort of thing? I had a kind of an idea that you would be like that, but it was quite different. Gracie says when you come to see us she always feels as if somebody had opened a door in a very hot room. *Filet?* No, thanks, and no Champagne. It is my principle always to skip here till we come to the salad at a dinner. That and an ice pudding are like oases in the desert of Sahara. Do you know I am seriously thinking of retiring from the world after this year? One likes to try everything, of course, but one or two seasons will be enough for me. I can stand the girls, and some of the men; but I have no patience with the older women—the married ones; they take everything away from us in New York society."

"There is a remedy that I observe most of you young ladies fly to," Erskine said, with a smile.

"Well, but if I loved anybody, as Grace loves Frank, for example," said Amy, with a look like Una's in her face, "I would want to stay with him, and read, and go to balls together, and come away early, as they do. But these women who are rather old—at least I think so—who go around to public places with silly little boys—keeping Kindergarten, we girls call it. Look at Mrs. Pratt. Almost any man is game for her, and you see her with everybody in turn. There is one woman in town whom I admire more than anybody else, and there she is, at the very end of the table, next to Mr. Lyle. You can't see her for those wax lights. Lean this way a moment. Isn't she a love?—Mrs. Gaspar Gray."

Far up the glittering vista of lights and glass and porcelain, over a bed of Maréchal Neil roses, Erskine saw her beautiful high-bred face, wearing a little wearied air, that charmed and excited him at once. His heart beat high with the anticipation of meeting her again.

"Why, what is the matter?" said the quick-sighted Miss Amy. "You look wonderfully bright. One would think that you belong to Mrs. Gray's *cordon* of unrequited lovers."

"I have never spoken to her in my life," he said, gayly. "May I not worship from afar? The ladies are going, I see. Au revoir, then, in the drawing-room."

The long train of beautiful women passed out. When the men rejoined them, the large room, sparkling with the subdued light of many candles, set upon mantel-shelf and brackets everywhere, and in sconces of old English brass high up on walls hung in the half-tints of color that artists love, displayed more than one group of beauties a man might cheerfully delay to look upon. Erskine had eyes but for one. Against a portière of Oriental stuff of some deep blue, like the plum before a touch has brushed away its silvery bloom, sat Rosalie Gray. Her dress was of a pale yellow brocade, the front of palest blue. Round her throat was a *rivière* of diamonds, and at her breast a great cluster of early jonquils nestled in the folds of some rare old Venice point. Her hand trifled with a pale blue fan, with carved sticks of yellow ivory. She was in conversation with Mrs. Lyle, but arose as the gentlemen came in, and making her adieus, quickly disappeared.

"Another engagement," the hostess said, when some one asked the reason why.

"That is the penalty of wooing a bright particular star," was the laughing rejoinder. "Nobody is so much in demand as Mrs. Gray."

Bitterly disappointed, Erskine sought the street. It was drizzling gently as he walked down the Avenue to his club, but he did not know it until, upon going into the smoking-room, some acquaintance suggested to him that he had better go home to change his clothes.

Something possessed him next day to go to a famous florist and wreck himself upon an order for roses—rare, princely roses, laid layer upon layer in beds of maiden-hair fern. These were sent anonymously to her address, and for weeks the offering was repeated, until the florist and his young man began to look upon this reckless youth with the favor only bestowed upon male customers either just before or for a short time after their entrance into the holy estate of matrimony.

He saw her in her brougham in the Park; on horseback sometimes, followed by her groom; at the opera, where from a distant doorway he gazed at her profile against the crimson lining of her box, fancied that he saw his flowers in her hand, and noted with exultation that among all the visitors succeeding each other in the vacant chairs behind her, there was not one to whom she gave a shade of preference above the rest.

At last, one morning when he was coming out of the Brunswick, a lady walking with a firm light tread crossed his path. She looked up, and for the first time since their casual introduction met his open gaze. Alas for Erskine and all his wasted hopes and roses! Mrs. Gaspar Gray looked at him without a shadow of recognition in her glorious eyes. He might have been the jaunty porter of the Hotel Brunswick, standing near, for all interest she vouchsafed.

"It is over," Erskine said, between his teeth, striding away over Madison Square.

CHAPTER II.

ONE summer evening, when town had become rather less endurable than usual with heat and dust, Erskine dropped in upon a pair of people of his acquaintance, to whom you were very irregularly presented by Miss Amy North, in the last chapter, as "Frank and Gracie."

Erskine found them fanning themselves in the half-light of a parlor open on all sides to what stirring of the air it was possible to trap under the semblance of a breeze. An exhausted voice came to him in greeting from a gilt wicker chair, and he felt his way to a small jewel-laden hand, though not without becoming entangled in a billowy mass of lawn and lace that lay across the India matting.

"I am as glad to see you as I can be of anything in this weather," Mrs. Thornton said. "Pray sit here between the windows, and have a fan. Frank dear, are you *quite* sure that you have opened everything, and will you please take away these flowers from my side?"

"'I hate these roses' feverish blood,'" quoted obedient Frank, as he bore away the vase whose fragrance was filling all the air. "Erskine, we have just arrived at that period of matrimonial debate when we welcome an outsider. My wife is becoming a little plaintive, and I a little argumentative. Amy, who has no fancy for this atmosphere of domestic gloom, has retired up stairs, I believe, to read some book upon arctic explorations, which she finds a solace on a day like this. The point at issue is, What shall we do to get out of town, and where shall we go? Here am I, with a nursery full of whooping-cough and incipient teeth, which very naturally militates against a warm reception for us anywhere; a charming sister-in-law, who must have the usual diversion of woman in her hours of ease; an adorably patient wife, who has submitted to the untold sacrifice of staying in town until nearly the end of June."

"We are growing positively cross under the protracted indecision," Mrs. Thornton said. "We talk of a dozen plans, and never can agree on one for five minutes at a time. I am afraid"—this was ventured soothingly—"Frank *rather* dreads a long journey anywhere just now."

"Rather," said Frank, grimly. "Juvenile demands for paternal ministrations, however sweet in the sacred seclusion of one's own nursery, do not, as a rule, excite either pride or joy in the bosom of a man who must promenade forever back and forth through a railway car, with silver cups of water and sandwiches, during all the thousand hours of a slowly waning midsummer day. But here comes Amy to lend her voice. Can you discover, Mr. Erskine, Amy, in this uncertain light?"

Erskine advanced to meet the slight, erect figure, to be welcomed in her somewhat high-pitched but clear and pleasant voice.

"I am not quite sure, Frank dear, that I mean to be altogether civil to Mr. Erskine, after the evening last winter when I talked *at* him, from the oysters to the coffee, at Mrs. Lyle's dinner, and he basely took himself off without even bidding me good-night."

Erskine remembered this occasion well enough to feel a sharp pang at having it recalled. He threw himself upon the young lady's mercy, and was sufficiently forgiven to have her take a seat near him by the window, where the light from a street lamp streamed across her cool pink muslin gown, her bare round arms, with elbow sleeves, and her prim little white lace fichu with the pink rose and knots of black velvet.

"All will be forgiven and forgotten," said Miss Amy, "if you will only help me to coax or coerce this wretched Frank and Gracie into submission to my will. Give ear unto me, O ye people, while I test my eloquence! Imagine, then, being perched on the deck of a yacht that skims like a sea-gull over lovely little crested waves along the coast of Maine. Every now and then a dash of salt spray flies up on your feet and petticoats—"

"I can't imagine it, Amy," said Frank.

("Don't, Frank, for I am going to be really impressive.) —but you don't mind it a bit, for there is the most agreeable man conceivable, generally from Boston—"

"Thanks," said both of the gentlemen from New York.

"—at your feet, quoting Tennyson's 'Voyage,' as he gazes up at you. The yacht speeds gloriously on her way before a stiff breeze through a region of sea and mountain, crag and pebbly beach. All the crimps come out of your hair; anchovy sandwiches and claret-cup are passed about; everything is delightful—when suddenly the jib-boom, or whatever the nasty thing is, comes sweeping round, and everybody has to get up and change places, and ten to one another girl gets your man."

"You are becoming too personal, Amy, to accomplish your point," her sister said, while they all laughed at her nonsense.

"Well, if that don't tempt you, think of canoeing over to Bar Island on a midsummer day. Of standing on the top of Green Mountain in a breeze. Of sitting under the cliffs at the Ovens, and watching the boats go by. Of catching trout in Eagle Lake. Of riding in a buck-board and shouting 'Nancy Lee.' Tell me, if you dare, individually or collectively, that there is anything better for us to do than to go to Mount Desert?"

"You have omitted one of the joys," said her brother (the Counsellor, as he was called by most of his friends)—"that of being served with mackerel and doughnuts at the hands of a disguised princess wearing a celluloid coronet. I remember once asking my particular one of these stately beings what her name was. 'My name is Mrs.

Somerset,' she remarked, with withering dignity. 'But them as knows me well calls me Sairey.'"

The talk, turned into this channel, went on until town, its gas-lights, the side-walks where hot, haggard-looking people went wandering by, and wan little tenement-house children crept out to play until far into the night, the roll of vehicles and tinkling street-car bells, had melted away like the scene of a theatre, to be replaced by country visions cool and beautiful, where

"Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine—
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine."

"You have conquered, Amy," suddenly remarked the Counsellor. "It is evident that we have all talked ourselves into a state of mind for which there is no cure save our beloved Bar Harbor. I have been turning over in my brain a plan I have had proposed to me to abridge the distance, or to modify the weariness of the jaunt to those slumbering cherubs up stairs. I think I have hit it exactly. And to put it out of the power of any one to misinterpret me, or to tell me afterward that I never can make myself clearly understood—"

"That I never did," said his wife, with fervor.

"—I hereby pledge myself to conduct you all, after a method of my own, as far as Boston. Only I stipulate that no questions be asked; that we start this day week; that we don't go a step unless Erskine be of the party; that I am for once captain of my crew, with undisputed powers. You consent, Grace, Amy, and Erskine? Then let us ring for Apollinaris water, and hurrah for the Thornton family *en voyage!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I KEEP THE OLD WATCH GOING.

I HAVE got a brand-new golden watch,
  With a beautiful pearl set in it:
From the spring's first blow till the fall of the snow
  It keeps the time to a minute.
I have it set down in my will to my boy,
  And I hope when I'm gone he'll wear it:
'Twas a present to me from over the sea,
  And I love the hand that bare it:
But my father gave me one long ago,
  When I was a lad yet growing;
How can I part with a thing near my heart?
  So I keep the old watch going.

You will find but right little gold in that,
  And no pearl its face adorning;
But I thought it grand when I took it in hand
  On my thirteenth birthday morning.
And my mother fastened a chain to its ring,
  And my sister added a locket;
And I never felt since so much like a prince
  As when first it went into my pocket.
My parents are dead, and my sister sank
  Where the Indian waves are flowing;
But the light of the past shall shine on to the last,
  So I keep the old watch going.

It is strange what oddities sometimes wake
  Good thoughts that have long lain sleeping;
For the great blows fall, and scarce move us at all,
  But the little things set us weeping.
I'm afraid that my life has not been what it should,
  And habit's a terrible fetter:
But my pulse beats quick when I list to that tick,
  And I earnestly wish to be better.
O I think that I see new hopes for me,
  And a brighter prospect glowing;
Though my heart be chill, 'twould be colder still
  If my boyhood's watch stopped going.

WILLIAM BLACK, THE NOVELIST.

AN interesting sketch of Mr. William Black, the distinguished writer, whose charming stories have been so widely read on both sides of the Atlantic, is given in the September number of the *University Magazine*. Those of our readers who have enjoyed the *Princess of Thule, Three Feathers, Madcap Violet, Macleod of Dare*, and *White Wings* (the last-named recently begun in *Harper's Magazine*), will read with pleasure the extracts given below.

The English reviewer says: Mr. William Black is so well known to readers of light literature that it is unnecessary to describe him as a favorite novelist, although no living writer better fills that particular description. There may be greater novelists, but Mr. Black is essentially a favorite with the public. In *A Daughter of Heth* he struck a delicate yet quite intelligible chord of pathos, and won his position. Everybody knows that touching, dainty romance; it has moved innumerable hearts, and made people laugh and cry who would hardly like to confess that a novel could so affect them. Published anonymously in 1871, the book had reached its eleventh edition in the following year. It was the first of Mr. Black's books that won such exceptional success; and it certainly would seem that that strange creature, the British public, has good taste, for none of Mr. Black's previous works are quite so charming as this one, which brought him his great popularity. It is one of those unusual novels which will bear several readings, and the closest criticism; it is too real to be quickly exhausted. Although Mr. Black could not remember whether his heroine's hair was black or brown, making it "silky brown" in one place and black later on, such an inconsistency does not confuse the mental picture which she produces, as it certainly would with a less definite heroine. She has much the same effect as certain people whom one occasionally meets, whose faces are all expression, and whose eyes change in color with their mood. It seems quite probable that if one knew and admired Coquette personally, one might be unable to remember the color of her hair.

Mr. Black, being very popular, is also, as a natural consequence, very much reviewed; and it would seem as if everything, good or ill, that can be said about his books, has been said. Mr. Black observes that the *Saturday Review* considered *Three Feathers* a very good book, and that the *Spectator*, appearing on the same day, pronounced it to be a very bad book. This kind of thing inevitably produces a hopeless effect upon an author; he has to give up attending to reviewers. Mr. Black was at one time accused of limiting himself to pictures of artistic life too closely. Now it is said that his books are too much devoted to yachting and to life in the Highlands.

Mr. Black probably puts some of the reviewers out of humor with his sea-voyages by one very cruel trait which he exhibits, and that is a considerable contempt for bad sailors. He may be right; perhaps there is something intrinsically meritorious in being at home upon the blue waters: if so, how charming that a thing so enjoyable should be also virtuous! However, whether he is praised or blamed, probably Mr. Black will give little heed. When an author has been at work so long, opinions begin to pall upon him. Mr. Black seems to have arrived at this indifferent state, for, to use his own words, he has "discovered that the only reasonable way of living for a human being is to do his own work in his own way, and to leave opinion about it to the various voices that first contradict themselves and then fade into thin air." It is well when a man who has good work in him has resolved to follow his own light, for he who follows public opinion is pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp. Public favor appears to have a higher intelligence: a book must have some merit to attain absolute success. This *A Daughter of Heth* has obtained most markedly, and, as we have said, in quite a different degree from any of Mr. Black's former novels, notwithstanding that some of the reviewers take to themselves the credit of having discovered a new power in the literary world when Mr. Black's first novel, *Love or Marriage*, appeared. Fortunately critics do not rule absolutely, although they try very hard to look as if they did. It is some consolation to an author who has to face the contradictory voices of the press that his final appeal is to that higher power, the favor of Mr. Mudie's subscribers, and after them of the freer multitude who buy books in one volume. The several charming novels which Mr. Black has produced since *A Daughter of Heth* have had still greater success; and he has now so distinctly been approved by the public voice that he can afford to disregard individual critics.

There is a similarity in the central idea of *A Daughter of Heth* and *A Princess of Thule;* in both is a sweet-natured woman taken out of her own natural surroundings, and vainly endeavoring to adapt herself to something wholly different and very irksome, while the books vary altogether in detail. The heroines are not dissimilar, when their difference in accent and mannerism and education has been allowed for. Sheila loves the sea and the wild birds, and takes interest in all the vivid details of out-of-door life, while Coquette lives in her music. But both, with all their spirit and power, are submissive, patient, and anxious to please the tyrants who govern them in their exile. Sheila, when she submissively allows her hair to be re-arranged according to the fancy of her husband's disagreeable old aunt, is in the same mood as is Coquette when she is willing to give up her very religion if she can only please the people about her. Both suffer from the narrowness of the circle into which they are put; Sheila from the stiff conventionality of London life, Coquette from the hard Puritanism of a Northern village atmosphere. But there is no character in *A Princess of Thule* half so real as the "Whaup;" nor is there the humor which the old servants in *A Daughter of Heth* supply so admirably to balance the keen pathos of the book. There is an amusing, sturdy, rough man-servant in the *Three Feathers* of the same order as the servants at the Manse. Mr. Black being the happy possessor of that power of strong humorous description, should, in mercy toward the general melancholy of human living, give us as much of it as his work will bear. And no tenderness or pathos will lose by the contrast. In *Madcap Violet* there is a need of this racy humor. Mr. Black is of opinion that this book contains some of his best work; so it may, but that work loses something of its delicacy of color for want of that vigorous contrast of character which is so fascinating in *A Daughter of Heth*. Mr. Black's earlier books vary very much in merit. *Love or Marriage*, Mr. Black says, he has not read since it was written in 1868, and that he has now only a "vague impression that it aimed at the reconstruction of the whole social system." Probably, if he did take the trouble to read this first essay of his, he would not find it very interesting. His capacity for construction and power of language have been developed very largely since then.

To those readers who like a love story pure and simple the *Three Feathers* will be very pleasant reading. It contains some of those bright touches of scenery which always make Mr. Black's books delightful. There are one or two features in the story not common to the regular romance; as, for instance, that the beautiful one of two sisters has no adventures at all, but is absorbed in attending to the love affairs of the other, who, by contrast, is supposed to be almost plain. Wenna, in the *Three Feathers*, is the nearest approach Mr. Black has attempted to the Jane Eyre type of heroine—the little, plain woman, all fire and character, that heroine who came as a glorious relief after the inevitable almond-eyed beauties of the old-fashioned romances, and who has now, alas! been travestied into the nasty, immoral, green-eyed creatures who come up as flowers in our light literature. Mr. Black has a gentlemanly preference for a really handsome heroine, who looks well under all circumstances, who has a fine figure, splendid hair, extraordinary eyes, and in the case of Madcap Violet even undisguisably beautiful arms. It is, of course, patently true that plain women are capable often of greater powers of fascination than pretty ones, and that they have their fill of romance. Perhaps, therefore, as the novelist has to deal with the effects of character, and can but poorly represent the beauty he admires, it is rather odd that he should as a rule make beauty a *sine qua non* for his heroine. So it is, however; and Mr. Black is no exception to this rule. He does not care for abnormalties; he prefers physical beauty and physical health.

Doubtless his genuine passion for out-of-door life has helped to make him a wholesome writer. A man's eyes must be tolerably clear if he can love to face the openness of sea and sky. Although born actually in the town of Glasgow, he very early emancipated himself from town life. He was fond both of rowing and of walking; he belonged to rowing clubs, and would walk sometimes such a distance as from Glasgow to Edinburgh. Although his boyish water adventures must have been upon the river Clyde principally, it is evident that the sea itself has always been his true love. He has never been seasick in his life, and never having experienced the sensation, has small mercy for those who have. Under these circumstances, and as certainly it is more graceful not to be seasick, we must endeavor to forgive Mr. Black's heroes and heroines for being all born with sea-legs as good as his own, while only the villains suffer from the caprices of the ocean.

It is quite a characteristic of Mr. Black, and a feature in his life, that he is as much at home on the water as on land, and knows all about the management of a vessel. He may be described as a daring yachtsman; last year he went out in a dreadful storm, when no one else would venture, and steered his own ship. Although he has travelled on the Continent, giving us good proof in *In Silk Attire* that he appreciated the Black Forest—though he has crossed the Atlantic, and made the acquaintance of our American cousins at home, and faced the American interviewer—yet he has plainly never been able to supplant his love of Scotland. He goes to the west coast year after year, dwelling upon the scenery, which seems to have a great effect upon him. He has always been fond of the society of artists, probably because he has something of the painter's peculiar appreciation of external beauty. His descriptions of scenery give to his writings a value and position all their own; he sees so much. It is said that Mr. Swinburne is a great admirer of his descriptions of scenery.

Madcap Violet is full of delicacy and sweetness. But it is a question whether *Macleod of Dare* is not altogether the best specimen of Mr. Black's work. It has not the light-hearted gayety of some of the slighter stories, certainly. It is full of sadness and distress. It is a strange bitter-sweet poem of modern life. It is a story of to-day; yet it is utterly romantic. Mr. Black has caught that delicate spirit of romance which, to dimmer eyes, would seem to have flown before our matter-of-fact nineteenth-century life. He sees that it is still with us; that the human heart is still passionate; that lovers' eyes still brim with tears of unreasoning sadness; that the world is as mysteriously beautiful as in the old days of Arthurian romance. *Macleod of Dare* is full of nature, not only in the seas and skies, but in the human souls whose life romance is told so simply; there is a weird sense of the inevitable differences between human temperaments:

"Dark and true and tender is the North,
And bright and fierce and fickle is the South."

Just as the white heather and the red rose are differently planned by Nature, so are the Highland chief and the Rose Leaf whom he loves. To those who have grown sick of that dead level of monotony and mediocrity which town life produces, *Macleod of Dare* is like a breath of strong fresh air. The readers who object to the tragic end of the story have only read half the book; they have missed the writing between the lines. As a mere narrative it seems a sad ending; there is, perhaps, rather too strong a tone of tragedy. But a soul so intense as Keith Macleod's must either live or die: he can not consent to exist; and in his death what so natural as that he should crush the fluttering rose leaf in his hand? Keith Macleod is as real as the rock on which his castle stands: his moods as natural as those of the sea he loves. You can no more find fault with his disposition than you would with that of a seagull. He is natural. So, if it comes to that, is the Rose Leaf, after her own fashion—for it is a question whether an artificial life is not as necessary and healthy for some human beings as what we call a natural life, for the sake of distinction, is to others. But the development of this character is too painful to linger over: one can only turn away from it with a sigh. The quaint mixture of Highland spirit and tradition with modern modes of life, in that part of the book in which Macleod carries off his bride, is most original. The actual failure of the attempt to bring the old spirit of conquest by force to act upon a modern creature like the Rose Leaf is so natural: she can not, like Flora Macdonald's mother, love her chief for his wild tenacity of purpose. She only hates him for thwarting her will.

The descriptions of natural scenery in this book are indeed wonderful. Nothing can be more exquisite and truly poetic in feeling than the pictures it contains of the varied beauties of sea and sky and moor-land. The whole book breathes the very scents and odors of the open air. One thing is becoming very noticeable in Mr. Black's writing: he will describe Kensington Gardens as carefully as a storm at sea; he omits nothing, and, like a true artist, he can see the beauties of a city street as well as those of a moor-land. Turner learned to love effects of sky and water upon the margin of our town-defiled "coffee-colored" Thames. Wherever there is light and shade, the artist can see beauty; and so with Mr. Black: he will attract your attention to the prettiness of the red chimney-pots against the blue sky in a London street. He is by no means the first artist who has admired them; but it takes an artist to notice a beauty of this sort. Another peculiar feature in Mr. Black's mode of observation is illustrated rather specially in *Macleod of Dare*. To him the phenomena of nature are events, apart from any special effect upon human lives. Perhaps Mr. Blackmore is the only other living writer who has that same peculiar power of making a storm, or a sunrise, or a fall of snow impart a thrill of apprehension and interest to the reader apart from the human concerns of the book. To other authors nature is only important in so far as her storms or calms actually affect human affairs. Charles Reade can describe a storm at sea with some force and excitement; but a storm would have no place in his book unless a wreck were necessary. Now to Mr. Black it is plain the events of nature are vivid events in themselves, and their effect upon the human mind is, to him, a great reality. In these days, when such dense masses of human beings live for the great part of their time within four walls and amid the surroundings of the city, we may almost regard as apostles of truth those writers who remind us of the great elements which make up the natural world, and who, without using Nature, after the fashion of some modern poets, as a mere ornament to their writing, can bring her vividly before us. She is our mother; and it is possible that much mental health is lost by not staying long enough to read her lessons. The strength of the sea-air enters into the soul as well as into the lungs.

With regard to his personal career, Mr. Black himself is the best authority, and as he has given some account of it in a humorous autobiography which he wrote for the *Portrait*, we can not do better than quote his own words: "I am informed, on what I hold to be excellent authority, that I was born in Glasgow on either the 13th or 15th of November, 1841—the precise day is not a point likely to drive the world into convulsions of dispute. I never had any systematized education to speak of; but I managed to pick up a vast array of smatterings—a crude and confused jumble of hydraulics, Latin verbs, vegetable physiology, Czerny's Exercises for the Piano, and a dozen other things: a perhaps not unnatural outcome of all which was that I found myself engaged, at one and the same time, on a translation of Livy which was to excel in literal accuracy anything the world had ever seen before; on the formation of a complete collection of British flowering plants—the grasses and cryptogams were a trifle beyond me; and on the construction—on paper—of a machine which should demonstrate the possibility of perpetual motion. The translation of Livy did not get beyond half a book or so: that monument of learning is at the disposal of any publisher who will pay for it. The perpetual-motion machine was never forwarded to the Royal Society; but its phantom on paper at least succeeded in puzzling a good many worthy persons, who could only bring against it the objection that in time friction would destroy the mechanism—a puerile and vulgar argument. The scant herbarium remains to this day; a poor enough treasure-house of botanical lore, but a rich treasure-house of memories—memories of innumerable and healthful wanderings by hill and moor-land and sea-shore, through the rain and sunlight and beautiful colors of the Western Highlands. But the chiefest of my ambitions was to become a landscape painter; and I labored away for a year or two at the Government School of Art, and presented my friends with the most horrible abominations in water-color and oil. As an artist I was a complete failure; and so qualified myself for becoming in after-life—for a time—an art critic."

Mr. Black is a very rapid writer. There are fabulous stories told of the amount of leader-writing which he could accomplish in his days of journalistic work. In writing novels he seems to sit down with all his matter in his head, and only the actual work of the penmanship to do, so that he can write straight on. He will take perhaps a week of what ignorant mortals might consider idleness, and then in a day or two write out all that has accumulated in his mind. Thus, although he seems to keep his brain perpetually employed either in observation or construction, his hours of actual physical work are not really very many. He seldom works two days running, even in the thick of a novel, as the strain of this continuous work is too great, although occasionally this rule is broken by some few days of consecutive writing. Mr. Black seems, altogether, to have a very fluent and easily commanded power of production, but even he can not always write. Sometimes he will shut himself up, or leave home for a few days in order to get through a spell of work. Mr. Black's earlier novels were written when he accomplished an amount of journalistic work which must have made it no light labor to produce bright romances at the same time. But Mr. Black is not one of those persons who enjoy talking of themselves or their own work, and we are left to judge for ourselves whether his work has always been a pleasure to him even when he was most full of it. Mr. Black is a very good pool player—a fact which will bring a smile to many of us, as recalling that delightful sketch, *The Legend of a Billiard Club*—and is indeed fond of games and the various active amusements with which our humanity busies itself: most people would suppose him to like the light and bright side of life. Yet it is probable that if Mr. Black were personally asked to describe his own disposition, he would say that his habitual mood is one of profound melancholy. It is more than probable that other authors, also gifted with the power both of enjoyment and of giving enjoyment, would render a similar account of themselves. It is a question whether any one who has cultivated his powers of observation will not inevitably be more often sad than gay.

Mr. Black deliberately avows the characters he describes to be not individuals, but types. He is an artist in intent, not a photographer. Yet, like